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Fall 1988

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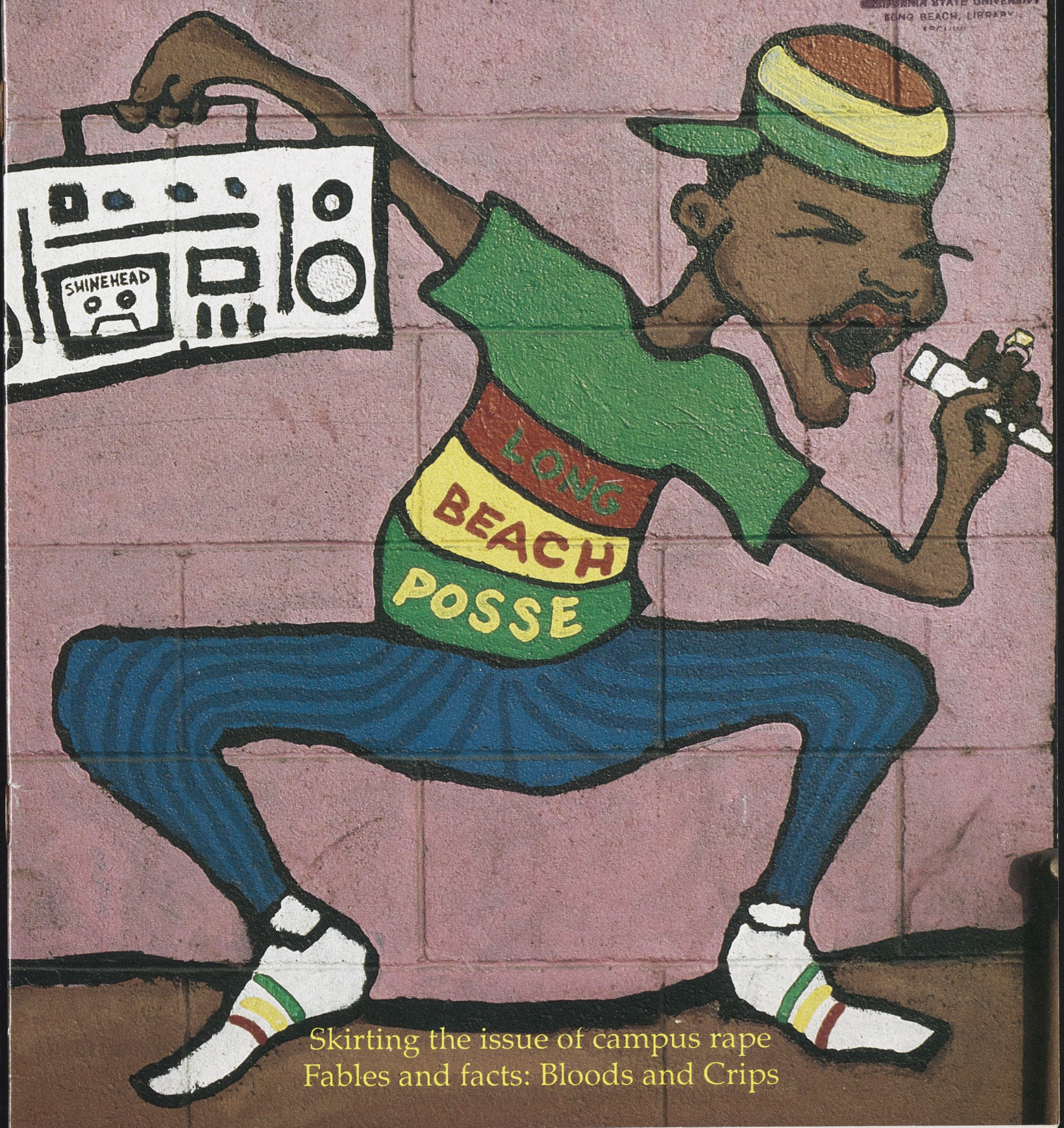
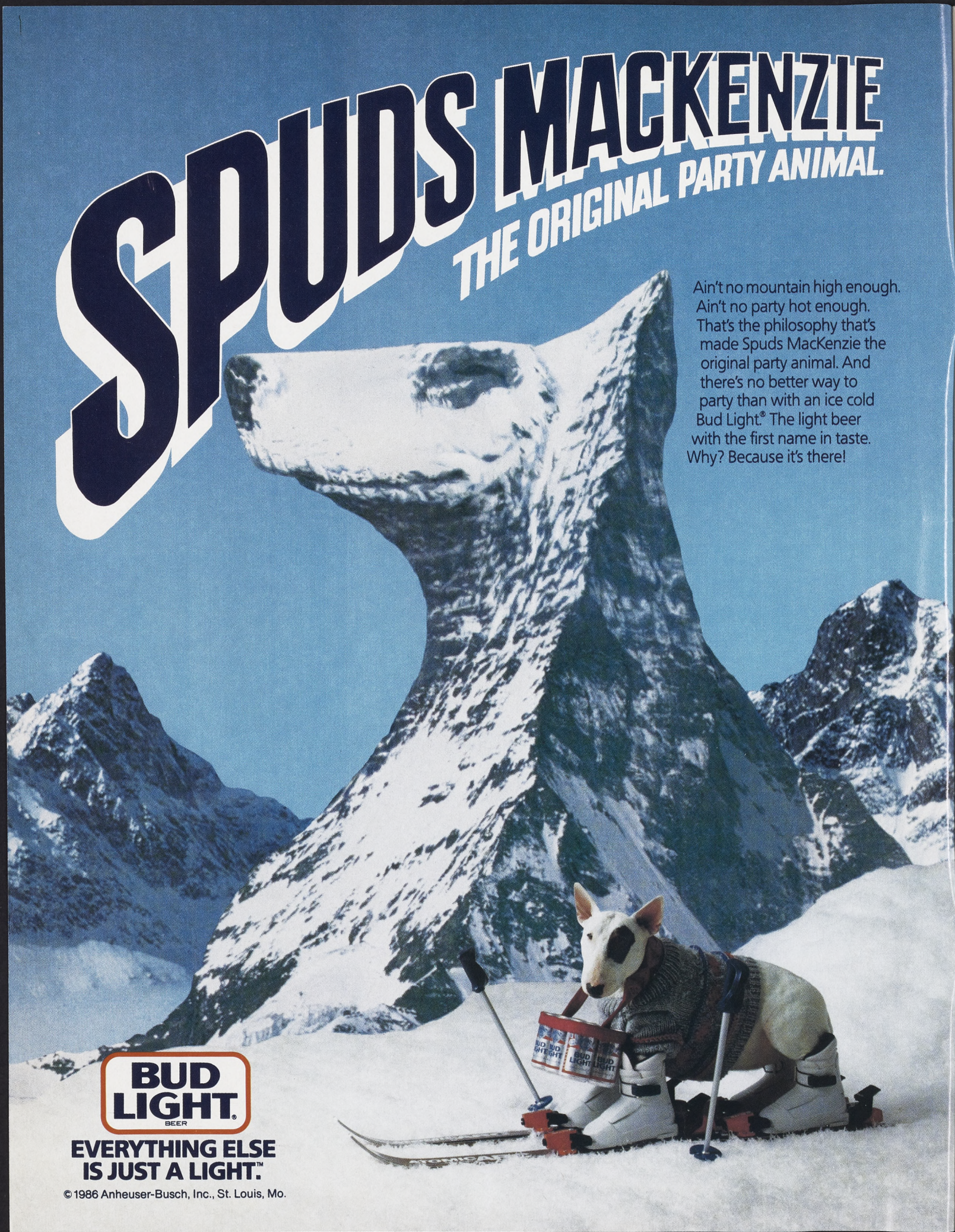


Skirting the issue of campus rape
Fables and facts: Bloods and Crips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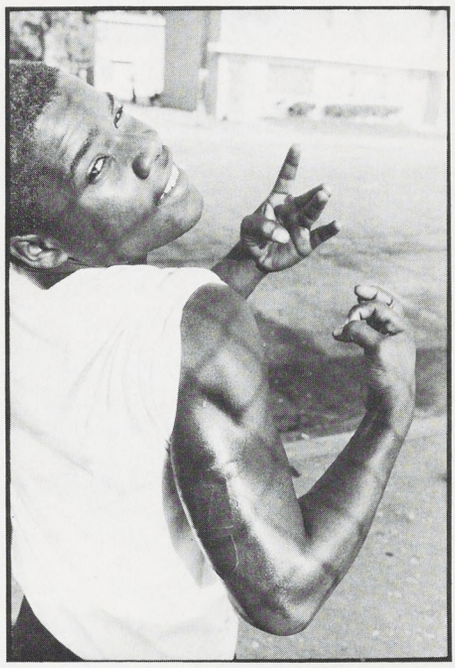
Photographer Christa Conway captures a portion of *Irie Park*, a mural painted by Long Beach students in an effort to deter graffiti. More on page 12.



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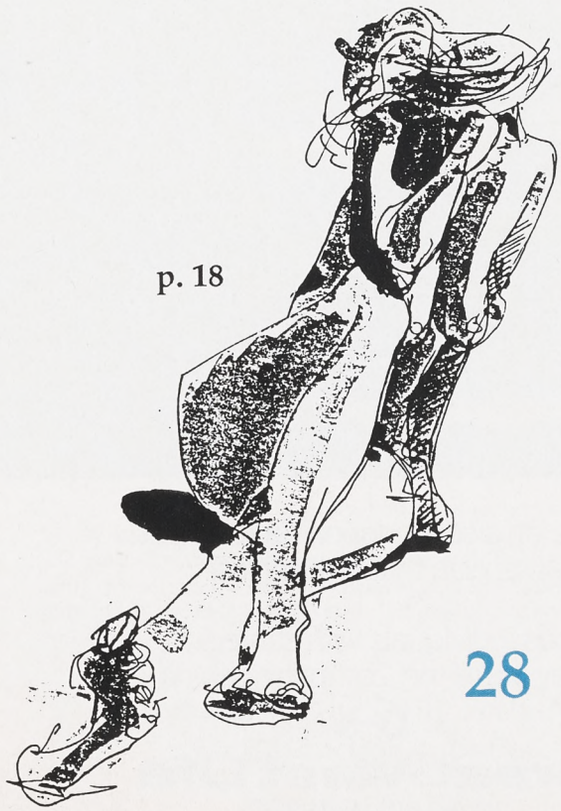

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Associate Editors
Christa Conway
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EDITOR'S NOTE

Pining away for my latest—candles lit, sappy music appropriately muted, pajamas too early donned—I realize, not for the first time, what all we writers have in common: a certain perverse love of torture. This pearl arrives with a companion theory—that the torture, so often self-inflicted, is an integral, necessary part of the creative process. It makes us writers.

Good writing, like any other well executed art form, elicits feeling in those who experience it, whether delirious bliss or sick emptiness. And seamless, sterling prose rewards the reader as richly as it does the writer. But the joy, the satisfaction of the craft (and here I agree with Sylvia Plath), lies not in writing, but in *having written*. The operation itself, for me, anyway, seems something akin to beating oneself repeatedly with a blunt instrument. But finishing, the writer reaches a sort of Lawrencian crisis—a literary orgasm only word welders can know. So, article written, story told, the torture invariably pays off, but somehow never manages to end.

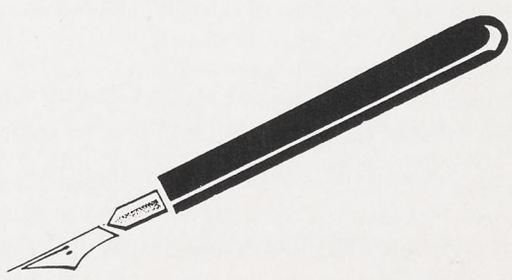
Ironically, the real message in most pieces of great literature—and Hemingway's best work testifies to this—often lurks not in the author's words, but in those shards of knowledge the writer has chosen to omit. We struggle to write, perfectionists to the last, and yet the bulk of our profundity rests languidly elsewhere—in our consciousnesses and in the impressions our words indelibly brand on others.

The writers and artists whose work we showcase in this issue have felt, with ranging severity, the pangs of this gorgeous torture. Admire them for their perseverance. We faced the usual last-minute disasters this semester—financial, typographical, interpersonal—but pulled it off nonetheless. Thanks to the *passionate* guidance of our new-found publisher, we're able to tender a little part of ourselves.

I've always imagined, reading anything authored by a writer I respect, that I've inadvertently swung open his or her medicine cabinet and stand dumbly ogling a dozen prescriptions. It's an embarrassing feeling, looking into a writer's very soul, but readers must remember the writer penned the invitation to peruse those prescriptions. Look deeply into the minds and medicine cabinets of the writers represented here; it's likely one or two will get scooped up and anthologized in this lifetime. Mark my words.

Still pajama-clad, I come to another, final conclusion: I don't pine well. But if it's that mandatory element of torture in a writer's life, then I guess it keeps me writing, and for *this* noble cause, I'll pine. I'll gladly pine.

—L.A.



STAND UP FOR PEACE AND JUSTICE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

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The Palestinian population of the Israeli-occupied territories has fought 21 years against a brutal military occupation. Since December of 1987, the Palestinian people have risen up against their oppressors.

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SIDELIGHTS

Psychedelic Science

by Deborah Reyes

Portrait of a man's face drawn by a young artist tripping out on acid.

Will the 60s ever die? Will John Lennon narrate another movie in 20 years? And will tie-dyed T-shirts ever be plain white again? Nope, not in Los Angeles. A new archive is on the way that will resurface those memories of paisley, hippies, war, peace and drugs, giving L.A. residents a chance to re-evaluate, relive, or just learn about that controversial decade.

The Albert Hofmann Archives, under the leadership of Dr. Oscar Janiger, psychiatrist and UC Irvine "volunteer" faculty member, will attempt to gather information that has been tucked away for over 20 years.

In the 60s, researchers and scientists struggled to discover the power of drugs like lysergic acid diethylamide-25. Better known as LSD, a mind-altering substance creating hallucinations and delusions, this drug gave rise to a controversy between the U.S. government and researchers. A federal ban to stop the production and use of LSD in 1966 halted all research on humans, leaving many questions unanswered.

Janiger, 70, intends for the archives to be a "consciousness-raising" place where people can experience the whole psychedelic picture and perhaps resolve any lingering questions. Both the positive and the negative effects of LSD will be addressed as well as non-drug-related features of the counterculture, like yoga and meditation. From memorabilia and newspaper clippings to research studies and conferences, the archives will encompass a vast array of perspectives. Yet the thought of the archives being in Kansas just doesn't cut it. Only one place in the U.S., insists Janiger, could be home to such an innovative concept—West L.A., "the hub of all ideas."

Researchers hope to display the powerful aspects of LSD and encourage the government to fund the much-needed research. Last year, Janiger founded the Albert Hofmann Foundation, named after the Swiss chemist who experienced the world's first acid trip and in 1938 synthesized the first batch of LSD for Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in Switzerland. The non-profit organization is designed to rally support for the archives. With board members including writer Allen Ginsberg and neuroscientist John Lilly, the archives "will in no way advocate the use of LSD," says Janiger. He also stresses the difference between the LSD produced by Sandoz and the street acid created by novice chemists, which had no production standards and gave acid its bad reputation.

The purpose of the archives is to inform the public and provide a research vehicle not available anywhere else in the country. Not even in the exceptional UCLA library, says Janiger, is there sufficient information about the drug and its era.

A new decade may be around the corner, but it's old doors that are about to open. According to Janiger, Switzerland intends to grant a license to Hofmann for LSD research on patients once again, indicating a trend favoring scientists rather than government regulations.

As the foundation searches for the ideal West L.A. building, the committee is hosting fund-raisers. Three functions, including a reception for Hofmann, produced better-than-expected turnouts.

For example, Janiger says with a chuckle, "two houses have been offered [for the library]," illustrating the public's strong support. Janiger hopes future fund-raisers will be even more promising. Instead of showcasing speakers as in the past, he has asked 60s greats Jethro Tull and the Grateful Dead to thrust the cause into the public eye.

When Janiger's dream for human LSD research finally does become a reality, don't be suprised if one day you're asked to do a groovy little experiment. It might not be more than painting a picture, but don't be puzzled if, for some reason, you can't remember how you did it.

A Cure for the Common Commute

by Keri Kashizadeh

It's 7:45 a.m., any morning, 1988. You're stuck in a milieu of colored cars and choking exhaust fumes. Tediously travelling at ten miles per hour and stopping at least once every minute, you worry about arriving at work or school on time. This is not a one-time situation. This is early-morning, every-morning traffic.

Commuters between Long Beach and Los Angeles push through the dismal maze of thick smog and stopped cars daily. But they could be singing a happy tune by July 1990. The $825-million light-rail system under construction by the Los Angeles County Transportation Commission (LACTC) is designed to relieve heavy freeway congestion between the two cities. The railway will begin on Long Beach Boulevard, include 31 stops and end on Grand Avenue in downtown L.A..

Fifty-four articulated trolley-style cars will zip along the 21.5-mile stretch of rail, following the abandoned Pacific Electric Railway's interurban route. Japan's Sumitomo/Nippon Sharyo, awarded the $69.6-million contract in April 1987, will build the vehicles and deliver them in 1989. The two-car trains will run every six minutes during rush hours and evenings.

The Urban Mass Transportation Act of 1964 provides federal funding for most transit system development. However, the LACTC prefers non-federal funding for its projects. Proposition A's half-cent sales tax increase (1980) funds the Los Angeles region's transit systems, yielding $350 million a year. The LACTC will rely completely on Proposition A's revenues for the rail project.

The modern light-rail transit is a revitalization of the electric street railway technology. By 1917, electric trolleys were a dominant form of urban transportation in America, with an estimated 29,000 miles of track. A decline in ridership resulted after World War II, due to an increasing number of automobiles and the popularity of city bus systems. In time, excess traffic created the need for more successful urban transportation.

A prosperous light-rail system must meet the projected estimates made by its planners and the city's demographers as

Continued on page 11

Rape Under Wraps

Many universities deal with rape poorly—or not at all. Ours is no exception.

by Monica Mills

"They looked like three all-American guys. They dressed in nice clothes, wore Old Spice and drove expensive cars. We met on the racquetball courts and arranged to go dancing with friends a few nights later. When I got to their place, Sam and Bob* said the others were late, but would be by later. They invited me in and made me a drink. Bob took me into another room and started to kiss me. When I resisted, he suddenly grew angry. He threw me on the bed and beat me. Sam soon joined him with another guy, and they forced me to have sex. The more I resisted, the more force they used. I was doused with alcohol and set on fire. It was like a feeding frenzy....I was afraid for my life. By midnight they let me go. Bob smiled and said, 'I'll call you sometime,' as if nothing had happened. I couldn't tell anyone for two days. I didn't know who to turn to."*

—Terry*, a rape victim
*not real names

Rape. The word connotes terror, trauma, and trepidation. Though the above-described rape occurred elsewhere, it could easily happen at Cal State Long Beach (CSULB). If it did happen here, Terry would have a tough time getting the immediate help she needs. The Women's Resource Center would refer her to outside services. The Health Center could not collect timely evidence. Campus police would take a report and, perhaps, send her to University Counseling. There, counselors could keep her waiting among the administration building's hectic clamor, bereft of her needed privacy. Essentially, CSULB does not have a rape prevention crisis program adequately prepared to handle a violent sexual assault such as Terry's.

By definition, rape is nonconsenting sexual intercourse through the use of threat or force. According to a Santa Monica Rape Treatment Center study, one out of every six coeds was either raped or narrowly escaped a rape last year. Many were "date" raped by someone they knew. The same study shows that college-age women comprise the largest number of victims, yet many universities deal with rape poorly—or not at all.

Unlike the UC system, which provides written policies and direct services concerning sexual violence on campus, CSULB has no such program. No accurate records of incidence are kept. No ongoing education or public-awareness symposiums are in effect. And no direct services dealing primarily with sexual assault are available on campus. The Student Handbook and CSULB Catalog cite policies on plagiarism, cheating and skateboard riding, but no written policies exist addressing rape victims or disciplinary measures for rapists.

"The problem is essentially a Catch-22 situation," says Pat Rozee-Koker, a CSULB assistant psychology professor who teaches sexual assault issues in her Psychology and Contemporary Social Issues class. "I know rape exists. Students come to me, and before they can even tell me they've been raped, they are in tears." But, she adds, rape is a notoriously under-reported crime. "Without accurate numbers, there is no way to verify a problem exists. Without an existing verified problem, administration is unwilling to provide funding necessary to implement a good sexual assault prevention program. Of course rape occurs on this campus, but it doesn't seem to be a priority with administration."

The dilemma is further complicated by an administration unwilling to secure accurate statistics of sexual assault on campus. In 1985, *Ms.*, a leading magazine on women's issues, asked CSULB to participate in a national study of campus rape. The magazine's staff wanted to conduct classroom surveys on campus. However, CSULB declined the offer. The explanation given to *Ms.* by John Jung, who headed the CSULB Human Subjects Review Committee, was: "It is a difficult situation because you want a survey to publicize a problem with tremendous psychological implications. And the school says, 'Don't do it because it will get people psychologically upset.'"

Concerned over campus reaction to sensitive matter, the review committee questioned the survey team's qualifications and its commitment to providing emotional support to respondents. When *Ms.* affirmed that psychological support would be provided and that the study was funded by a grant from the National Center for the Prevention and Control of Rape under direction of Kent State University, CSULB still refused to participate.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) Crime Statistics are the current records available to administration on campus rape. They show six reported rapes at CSULB in the last five years. According to Lt. Gary Kamm of CSULB Public Safety, these figures compare favorably to schools like UC Berkeley,

where 25 reported rapes have occurred since 1985.

To the police, six rapes in five years may not seem terribly high, but statistics are deceiving. Victims, unwilling to undergo evidence-gathering legalities, often don't report sexual assault. Furthermore, the FBI Crime Statistics are questionable in determining an accurate incidence of date rape. Studies show that for every rape reported, four go unreported. Also not included in CSULB statistics are rapes occurring outside campus jurisdiction. For example, one victim was kidnapped in a campus parking lot, driven elsewhere, raped repeatedly, then brought back to campus. This crime is not a campus rape statistic.

Without accurate data, the scope of the problem remains unclear. "If it goes unreported, how do we know?" asks Kamm. "We're dealing with psychological speculation. I know it happens. I've been on campuses over twenty years. But until there are statistics available to show otherwise, I have to believe that CSULB is a safe school and that rape is not a major problem on this campus. Administration looks at the FBI statistics, and those numbers are low. If a crime isn't reported, we really have nothing else to go on."

But accurate statistics *are* available. Administration, however, is unwilling to follow through with existing investigations on the matter. Two years ago, Almut Fleck, past director for UCLA's Rape Prevention Education Program, was hired by CSULB as a consultant to design a rape prevention program on campus. Her job was to ascertain what services were available at CSULB and to assess from a survey what needs could be better served. Initially, administration seemed committed to the issue. A survey was mailed out to 4,000 students containing detailed questions concerning sexual harassment, sexual assault and rape. Of those surveyed, 1,600 returned responses.

The results were coded and entered into a computer, but Fleck's ten-month commitment expired before the results could be analyzed. Fleck was rehired as acting director for the Women's Resource Center for another ten months, and in that capacity she continued to pursue the program's implementation.

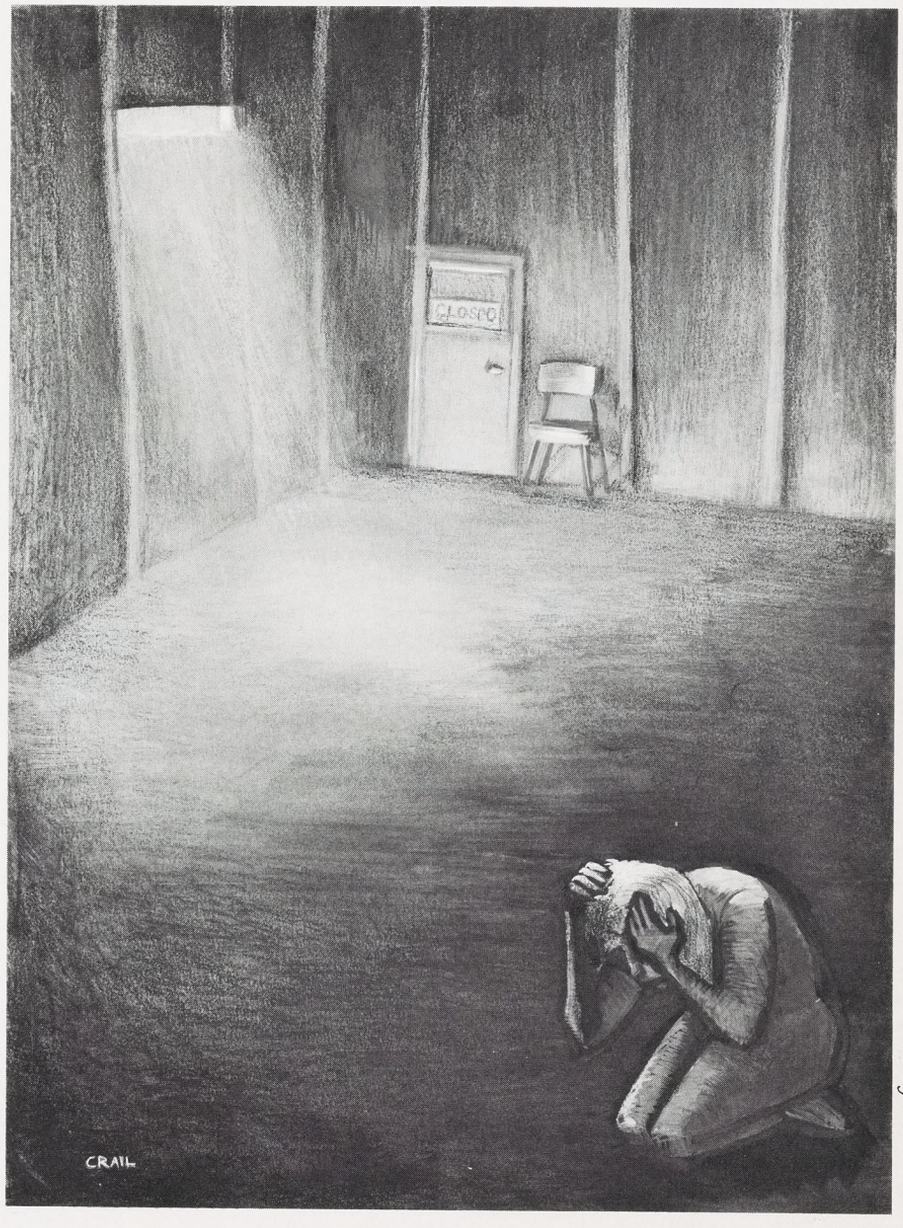
But computer problems, insufficient staff and financial difficulties caused further delays. By the end of Fleck's term, administration decided not to re-fund the program. She wrote to John Shainline, vice president for Student Services, expressing the need for a campus rape prevention program, and explained her proposal was ready for implementation. Fleck was so devoted to the project, she offered her services without pay. Shainline responded in a letter thanking her for her efforts, but wrote, "CSULB is in a budgetary freeze, including the hiring of new personnel."

"Here we have the available statistics, but at this point the university is not interested in analyzing the information any further," contends Fleck, clearly frustrated with the issue. She says that services must be designed to deal with the dynamics of sexual assault. Details such as age, race, sexist attitudes, trust toward authority and individual reaction to rape must be examined before solutions can be found.

Fleck says the differentiations made between stranger rape, date rape and marital rape are irrelevant when discussing sexual assault because all they show are the relationships between victim and rapist. "Where it becomes extremely important to differentiate is where we provide services," maintains Fleck.

Fleck notes that service units might not recognize a problem because victims do not come to them. But the Women's Center, the Health Center and the Counseling Center—places not really established in the legal sense, but which offer some emotional support—encounter the problem to a greater extent.

Theresa Abts, assistant director for the



Art by Lisa Crail

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Women's Resource Center, believes the issue of sexual assault is a problem at universities, but "probably no more or no less here than anywhere else." The difference is that other institutions, like UC campuses, have what is known as an "informal process," which includes organizations a victim can turn to dealing with all aspects of sexual assault. "We don't have that here," states Abts. "We can offer emotional support, but there is much more at stake. We need ongoing programs on rape that make students aware of the issue and how to deal with it."

According to Dr. James Morse, director of CSULB Health Services, the majority of rape cases at the campus Health Center are acquaintance rapes which ordinarily go unreported. "Most victims come in saying: 'I think it was rape; maybe it wasn't.' There's a lot of guilt and confusion, and many don't want to do anything about it." Victims come to the Health Center because they want to be checked for AIDS and venereal disease, says Morse. "They come in saying: 'I want to be clean from this business and not catch anything from this clown.' In that sense we work with them."

The Health Center, however, is not set up for evidence gathering. If students wish to pursue the issue, they are referred to campus police who send them to outside police surgeons. Morse admits there's a "drawback" to that because of time limitations in collecting viable proof. The longer the wait, the less chance for sufficient evidence. In Terry's case, she waited 72 hours before collecting evidence, which proved detrimental when she brought her assailants to trial.

The University Counseling Center also encounters sexual assault victims. "Sure, we see date rape," affirms Dr. Clyde Crego, the Center's director, "but it's a low incidence that's reported. There's probably more stuff going on than we hear about. We have a large residential campus, and many of the crisis situations get handled off-campus. That doesn't permit us to have an accurate barometer. We don't know the incidence as well as we should."

Crego feels there must be a reactive response on campus with more training in the explicit nature of sexual assault. He admits his staff is primarily trained in general counseling. "I would like to see an intelligent program in effect. The Women's Center is a good place to get that done with people who are most likely to first see victims in trouble," says Crego.

This semester's enrollment for CSULB totaled 34,307 students, with over half of them women. The rest are men with sisters, mothers, wives or girlfriends who are at risk of being raped. A young woman experiencing college life for the first time may be unprepared for the possible dangers lurking among a vast, highly energetic population. For Almut Fleck, it is disturbing that more isn't done for the education, protection and well-being of this vulnerable segment of the university.

"CSULB could be in the forefront, projecting a very positive and progressive image by implementing a sexual violence prevention program," she says. "The whole CSU system doesn't have such a program established. I'm sure there are supporters, but no one has spoken loud enough for the implementation of the program we designed. No one has taken the initiative to the top."

In this case, the top is high above the trees on the third floor of the administration building where President Curtis McCray presides. As a new president, McCray admits he needs to become better informed on the matter through meetings with his staff. "If it looks to me that more could be done and better things are known on how to deal with the problem, we'll probably do it," he says.

But the problem stands much higher than President McCray's office. Rape compares to a festering wound affecting all society—a wound often ignored. Women's centers and counselors are mere Band-Aids because they offer assistance only *after* the crime. Police and the legal system deepen the wound by compounding the emotional trauma of the rape victim. Society as a whole must prevent the wound from happening by recognizing rape as a valid problem. The crime must be prevented. Universities, home to many students, can help with this prevention through education, public awareness and administrative policies. Students, too, must participate by utilizing safety options offered on campus.

Some believe the rape count at CSULB is low; that the school is relatively safe; that there is no cause for panic. But for many women, the "low" numbers are a false reassurance. Terry knows. □

Peacing it Together

by Diane Juengel Wilkison

The year before I entered college, Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated. Though he died, the tidal wave of non- violent protest he set in motion lived to spill over from the civil rights movement into the movement against the war in Vietnam. Like so many other students then, my feelings about the war drew me into campus anti-Vietnam War rallies, marches and "sit-ins." Those times changed me from a complacent adolescent into a student activist. They were, for me, an emotional high, a time when I believed that we could end the war—that we could, in the words of one 60s rock song, "change the world; rearrange the world."

Now, 20 years later, I sometimes try to explain to my ten- and thirteen-year-old daughters what it was like. I show Wendy and Aimee pictures of the "Woodstock Nation" with Joan Baez on stage or let them listen to my old "Hair" album, but they only look at me with amused incomprehension.

This past summer, to my delight, an opportunity for an object lesson arose. Sue Griffiths, a member of the Unitarian church I attend, showed an inspiring, emotionally charged video of the Great Peace March of 1986, which Wendy, Aimee and I watched one Sunday after church. It showed hundreds of peace marchers walking from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C., over eight months to call for a complete moratorium on nuclear weapons testing and a beginning of total nuclear disarmament. Wendy and Aimee were so moved by what they saw that when Sue told us about a Soviet/American peace march the very next day in Santa Barbara, the girls actually begged me to take them. How could I refuse?

It was a hazy, cool morning when we arrived at Manning Park in Montecito for the beginning of the march. Two hundred and twenty Soviet adults and children and about as many Americans were gathered in the park singing peace songs in both Russian and English. The girls occupied themselves with trying to distinguish the Soviets from the Americans. Someone joked, "It's easy to tell the Soviets—they look just like us!"

At about 11:30, carrying two huge flags—one American, one Soviet—the leaders formed the head of a procession that would stretch for several blocks, three or four people abreast. They led us down a tree-lined gravel road, beginning our ten-mile march through the streets of Santa Barbara and down to Leadbetter Beach.

That day two peace marches had actually converged and were walking together. One was the California State Peace March, which had started a month before at both the Oregon and Mexican borders and was to merge in Sacramento on Labor Day. The other was the Soviet/American Peace Tour, which began in Washington, D.C., and was to end up in San Francisco. On this day, we walked together to the beach, where music, dancing and dinner awaited us.

As we made our way down Cabrillo Boulevard, which runs along the coast at the edge of town, the girls and I became separated, so I did not see Aimee fall off a high curb and scrape her knee. There she sat, at the bottom of a long incline, crying because her knee hurt and was bleeding. A tall, young Soviet named Dmitri stopped to help. He carried her up the hill to a point where volunteer nurses wiped her tears and cleaned and bandaged the wound. Dmitri smiled at Aimee and teased, "Next time, don't cry!"

Art by Ken Siegel

At about 12:30, we stopped at a bird sanctuary for sack lunches and a short rest. It was then that I heard the story of Aimee's rescue. Though her knee still hurt, she wanted to keep going, and so, when the marchers "broke camp," we continued with them into the city.

Many Americans on this march had been on the Great Peace March, which like a great tree, left seeds that grew into sapling marches held all over the United States in the time since then. Two marches in the Soviet Union, one in the summer of 1987 and the second in August and September of this year, were also the

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result of enthusiasm generated by the Great Peace March.

One Great Peace March walker, Billy Lieb, a retired film photographer and World War II veteran, recalled how the idea came about to have a peace march in the Soviet Union. "We had a newspaper for the marchers, and someone wrote an antagonistic letter to the editor suggesting that all of us ought to go to Russia." Instead of tossing the letter, the editor wrote back thanking him for the wonderful suggestion and asked if he would like to make a donation. Needless to say, the reader made no contribution, Lieb said, but the idea took root, and plans soon began to organize the first Soviet/American Peach March, which took place in the Soviet Union the following summer.

Lieb also walked in that march, which went from Leningrad to Moscow in June and July of 1987. The warm reception given the marchers surprised the Americans. Carole Shakley, a high school teacher from Downey, remembered several moving experiences that taught her how much the Soviet people want peace. "The Soviets," said Shakley, "are terrified of nuclear war." In World War II, she explained, the United States lost 500,000 people; the Soviet Union lost 20 million. Once, a Soviet woman put her baby in Shakley's arms: "'Please,' she said, 'we want our children to live. Please don't drop bombs on us.'" In the city of Novgorod, she recalled, over 70,000 people gathered to welcome the marchers. In fact, Lieb and Shakley were both impressed by the much greater outpouring of support and friendship in the Soviet Union than on the second Soviet/American Peace March, which took place last summer in the United States.

Lieb said that he saw many old friends from the first Soviet/American march when 220 Soviets arrived in Washington, D.C.,

Continued on page 34

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SIDELIGHTS

Continued from page 5

they predict the number of people who will ride the trains. Success is also determined by the farebox. California state law requires that 40 percent of a transit's operating costs be funded by the system's fare. The train's fare has not yet been determined, but if the projected 35,000 daily passengers become an actuality, then perhaps a partial solution to commuter traffic will have been found.

The Long Beach/Los Angeles rail's funding, its construction and the crowded freeways are realities. But will the cities' suburbanites cast away their conventional modes of transport to try an innovative one?

With the construction of the World Trade Center and downtown Long Beach renovations, a larger work force and an increased number of residents are expected. And an annual population increase in both Long Beach and Los Angeles indicates it's only natural that more freeway congestion will follow. The light rail between the two cities will provide a low-priced, stress-free ride to and from work.

It's 7:45 a.m., any morning, 1990. Commuters read the morning paper, watch the landscape roll by and talk to their neighbors—no tension, no beeping horns and no exhaust fumes.

The Other Californians

by James Izumi

Harvey reached into a burrow for a lizard and came up, instead, with a handful of scorpion. It was one of those moments you have now and then, when you suddenly find yourself doing the tango with a messenger of pain or death. But Harvey's reflexes saved him, and while he recovered from his cardiac arrest, the scorpion took an unscheduled flight out of town.

Harvey's appointment with destiny took place in the open, but these critters do waltz into houses from time to time, when construction takes place over their former habitats. Fortunately, few California scorpions pose a serious threat to human health. Stings can often be treated by resting for several hours and placing ice over the site to relieve pain, taking care to avoid frostbite. The only seriously toxic "dirty dancers" of the

Continued on page 30

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The Great Walls

Story and Photos by Christa Conway

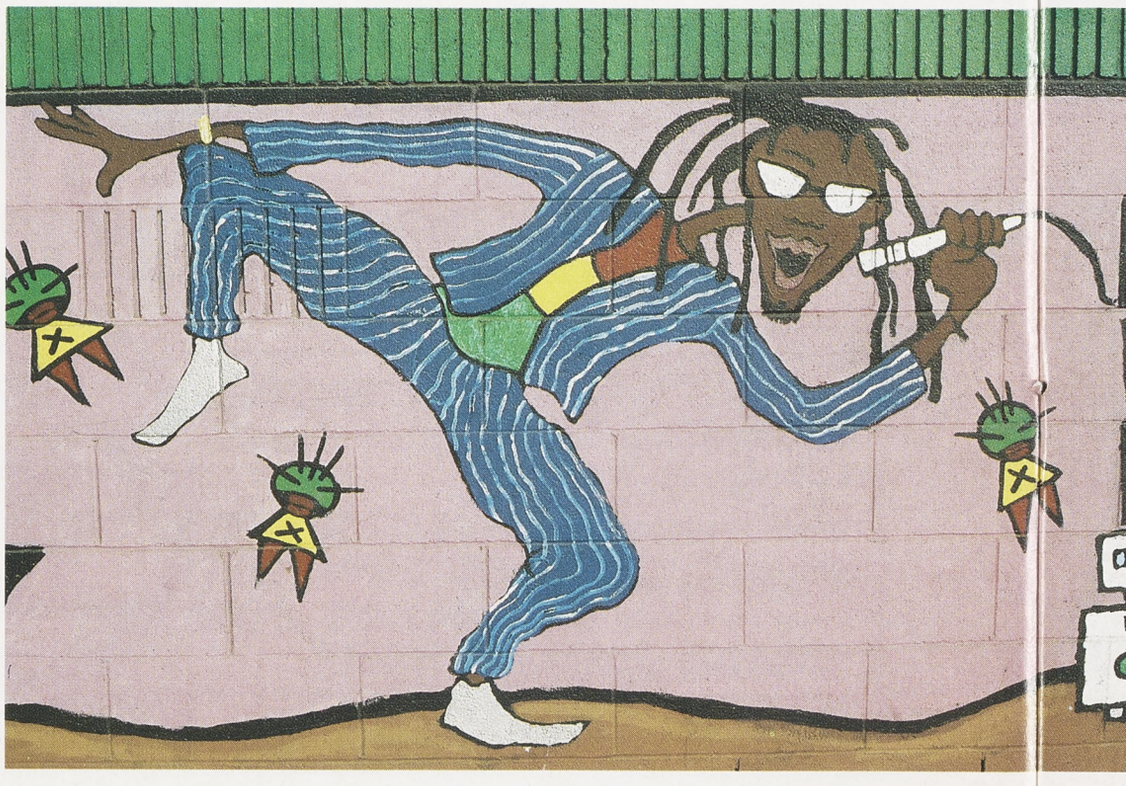
Talk about local color.

In West Long Beach, walls and buildings once covered with graffiti are becoming canvases for some of California's most spectacular public art. Each summer, the city's Parks and Recreation Department hires local teenagers to transform favorite targets for spray-painted scrawls into boldly colored murals. The group of youths—who have dubbed themselves the "Mural Posse"—work under the supervision of professional artists who teach them everything from effective brush strokes to color theory. Armed with fat paint brushes and gallons of acrylic paints, the Mural Posse has turned a dozen of the city's biggest eyesores into community landmarks.

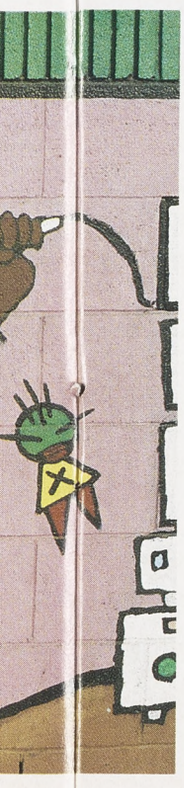
For years, Long Beach spent thousands of dollars each month in an attempt to clean the West Side's defaced surfaces. "Every week we would clean off the graffiti," said Dennis Thys, the city's neighborhood development manager, "and within no time, it would go right back up." Then, in 1986, Thys asked Special Programs Director Dixie Swift to hire professional muralists who would paint over the vandalism. Swift, however, didn't believe the idea would work unless it directly involved the community. "If we came in and repressed the graffiti," she said, "we had to offer the kids an alternative form of communication."

Enter Keith Williams, a recent art graduate of Cal State Long Beach (CSULB), hired to design and supervise the creation of a mural near Long Beach's Stephens Junior High. Williams began work on the 90-yard-long wall on Santa Fe Avenue three days a week and almost immediately attracted dozens of young volunteers. At one point, over 100 students were devoting their weekends to the mural. "The kids really embraced the project," said Williams. "They felt like they were doing something positive for the community."

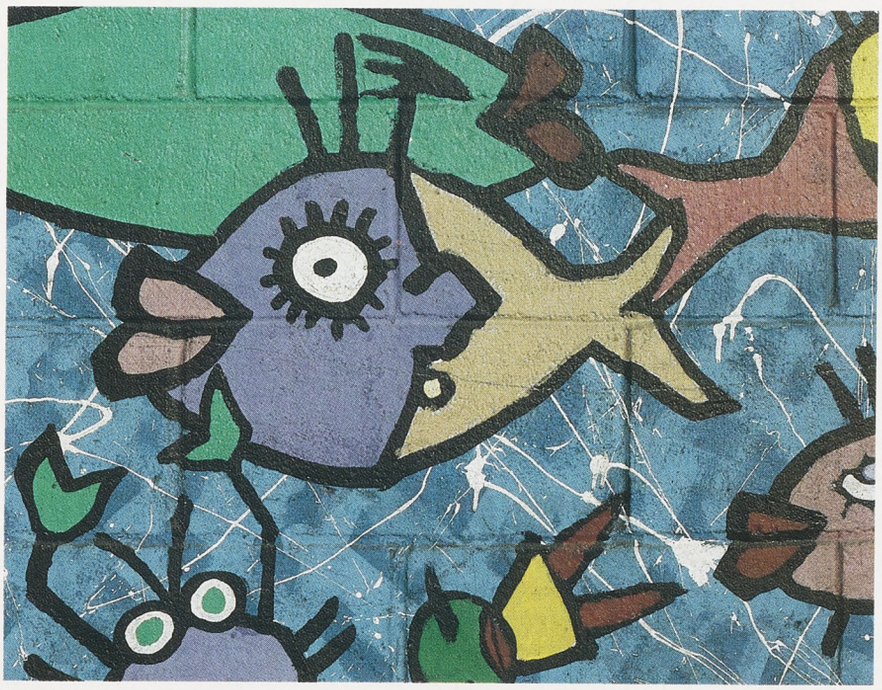
And the community returned the favor. Local homeowners brought the muralists soft drinks and freshly baked cookies. Motorists honked and waved in shows of support. Passers-by offered words of encouragement and, in some cases, money.



s of Long Beach



Scenes from Irie Park, *a mural designed by artist Keith Williams. This work is located on Santa Fe Avenue at Willow Street in West Long Beach.*



The project was so successful that after the mural was finished, a second mural was begun on the opposite side of the street. Not only did the city rehire Williams, it hired a second supervising artist and several of the student volunteers, providing them with summer jobs through funds from the United States Department of Labor and California Job Training Partnership. The students, many of them minorities from economically disadvantaged homes, worked 26 hours a week at minimum wage.

Today, Mural Project Coordinator Nora Mukaihata is deluged with requests from city residents who want murals in their neighborhoods and pleas from teens who want to paint them. Though the projects are specifically funded to prevent graffiti, Mukaihata believes they serve an even greater purpose. "I really want the kids to feel good about themselves, to develop some self-respect," she said. "Art is a great way to do that."

So Mukaihata, also a CSULB art graduate, tries to make the arts more accessible to members of the Mural Posse. Last summer, she taught them about Eastern and Western art history. She brought books on Cézanne and Michelangelo. She took them to the Long Beach and Los Angeles County Art Museums. "Most of them had never even been to a museum before," she said. "Art is a luxury in our society, so it's really important that those who are interested in it have the chance to be exposed to it."

Although many members of the Mural Posse find it difficult to relate to fine art, nearly all the teens can identify with the subject matter of the murals—basketball players, fast cars, palm trees and reggae music.

Elmer Delmampel, an eighth-grader at Stephens, said working on the murals helped him improve his artistic abilities. "I could practice my painting without having to buy paints and canvas and other expensive stuff," said the 14-year-old Filipino. Delmampel said he may become a professional artist someday, but believes the job has some drawbacks. "Some artists get weird and cut their ears off. And besides, people don't appreciate your work until you die."

Perhaps Van Gogh should have tried murals. □

Inner-City Blues

L.A. County's 387 gang-related deaths last year loomed like a specter over news reports. Parallel concerns of a drug epidemic led residents and city officials to point fingers,pinning most of the blame on the gangs. And rather than sketching accurate portraits, the media, armed with red and blue crayons, have colored the Bloods and Crips in careless caricatures.

by Mark Dowdy

Jordan Downs Grape Street Crips throw their hand signs.

There it lies—South-Central L.A.—a tormented triangle framed by freeways: the Santa Monica to the north, the San Diego to the west, the Long Beach to the southeast. Passing through its center, the rush-hour motorists along the Harbor Freeway seem a world away. Sprightly-looking young women in Hondas preen in their rear-view mirrors; older men in vintage American autos nervously glance around; stern executive-types in German sedans busily talk on their cellular phones; road-weary truck drivers languidly stare ahead. Beyond the freeway runs Slauson Avenue. Oblivious to the morning rush, the avenue is barren. Just a sparse number of cars travel along its neglected surface; only a few pedestrians walk its cracked sidewalks. The buildings are old, and they're marred by graffiti—a persistent reminder of what has riven this community: the Bloods and the Crips, the Red and the Blue.

Several miles west, Charles Norman, field operations director for Community Youth Gang Services (CYGS), talks intensely. He speaks of how gangs have "cast a pall of fear" over his community and chides city officials who "put glamorous packages together" but "don't know anything about the situation or really care." He also speaks of the community's need for solidarity, its need to tell the gangs, "We're tired. We're not gonna take it anymore."

A year ago Norman didn't see too many reporters in CYGS's modest South-Central offices. But on January 29, what had been happening for years on quiet street corners in South-Central L.A. occurred in the crowded congregating center of Westwood—gang violence took the life of an innocent bystander. Long Beach resident Karen Toshima's death stunned Los Angeles, as the tragic tale of L.A.'s gangs played to its broadest audience yet. Now no one dared ignore this decades-old problem. What followed was bitter debate over the reactions of community leaders, the police and the media—but, most of all, an increasing public fascination with the seamy lives of these youths.

By route of terror, the Bloods and the Crips had riveted the city's attention.

Yet, for all this notice, life in South-Central has only gotten worse. With homicide rates higher than ever, a pervasive sense of despair has shrouded the community, and to many residents, no light at the end of the tunnel can be seen. Bloods and Crips have gained ground in notoriety, but South-Central has lost legions in hope.

Norman's voice barely carries above the incessant murmur of the outside traf-

...and Reds

Photos by Axel Köster

fic. As he speaks, it becomes quite clear that he is a man tottering between two worlds: the humbled, desperate community of South-Central L.A. and the clumsy, bureaucratic machinery of the city and county. This precarious position—inner-city envoy to the outside—seems to wear on his countenance, and at times he betrays his frustration. "Many folks don't see this as a problem, a threat to them," he says balefully.

He speaks of his community's anxiety: "Everybody's afraid to do anything. And you have a right to be if you're standing out there alone. One or two people can't stand up to a hundred fifty to two hundred of those gangs. You can't go out there by yourself knowing that they'll just drive by and gun you down....But the strength is in numbers, and that's something we're working on...to mobilize the community."

Community Youth Gang Services acts both to prevent gang recruitment and to deter violence: the former by providing job opportunities for underprivileged youths, the latter by sending undercover teams out in the field to defuse potentially volatile situations. The organization recently added a new program, "100 Men Plus," which enlists the support of local men in crime prevention groups and is designed to reduce some of the community's fear.

But with CYGS funded by the city and county at "about one-third of what it needs," Norman's job has become a matter of stretching his "few people even further." Programs like CYGS, he contends—run by residents of the community—aren't popular these days, whereas "bandage solutions" like police sweeps are continually favored. To stop the gang crisis, Norman asserts, "It's going to have to be dealt with from the inside," and that, he insists, is "the missing link."

In his March 28, 1988, *Newsweek* column, George F. Will writes of Sam, an elder member of one of L.A.'s black gangs. Will concludes by referring to Sam as "an example of a rising class of semisociopaths," apparently inserting the prefix *semi* to avoid an obvious pitfall: 4,000 Bloods and 14,000 Crips can't all be mentally disturbed. And they don't tend to be class or race conscious either. Rather than peering up with spite and envy at wealthier regions, the average gangbanger looks down with rage and contempt on his surroundings. He leads a dark, often resigning life where death is but a moment away.

"People are dropping like flies out there," says 12, until last summer a member of the Watts-area Avalon Crips. "People don't even care about their own lives anymore....In a way people feel like they've been down for so long that they're already dead: 'So what the heck? Kill me now.'"

Tall, lean and muscular, 12 is imposing in appearance but comely in manner. He now works in the field for CYGS, going out among gangbangers and talking to them—hoping to prevent violent incidents. The former gang member confesses to still having a few "bad habits"—wearing earrings and "a few colors here and there"—but he proudly insists he now has better things to do than "talking crazy and messing with people." Of the "banging and all that shooting," he says, "That's gone."

"When I was banging," says 12, "I just wanted to get a way out, and I couldn't find a way out. It was like every time I went somewhere to try and find a job or something like that, there was always a

Some South-Central kids pick up gang iconography at an early age.

dead end. A door always slammed in my face."

Part of the reason gang members have difficulty finding jobs, says Sergeant Wes McBride of the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department's gang intelligence unit, Operation Safe Streets, is that many squandered their youth in gangs and ended up neglecting school. As a result, they don't have the reading skills or the concentration necessary for most work. "The opportunity has been presented to them, and opportunities are still out there now for remedial education," says McBride. "But they don't recognize it. And if you don't grab them by the ear and lead them to the trough, they're not gonna drink."

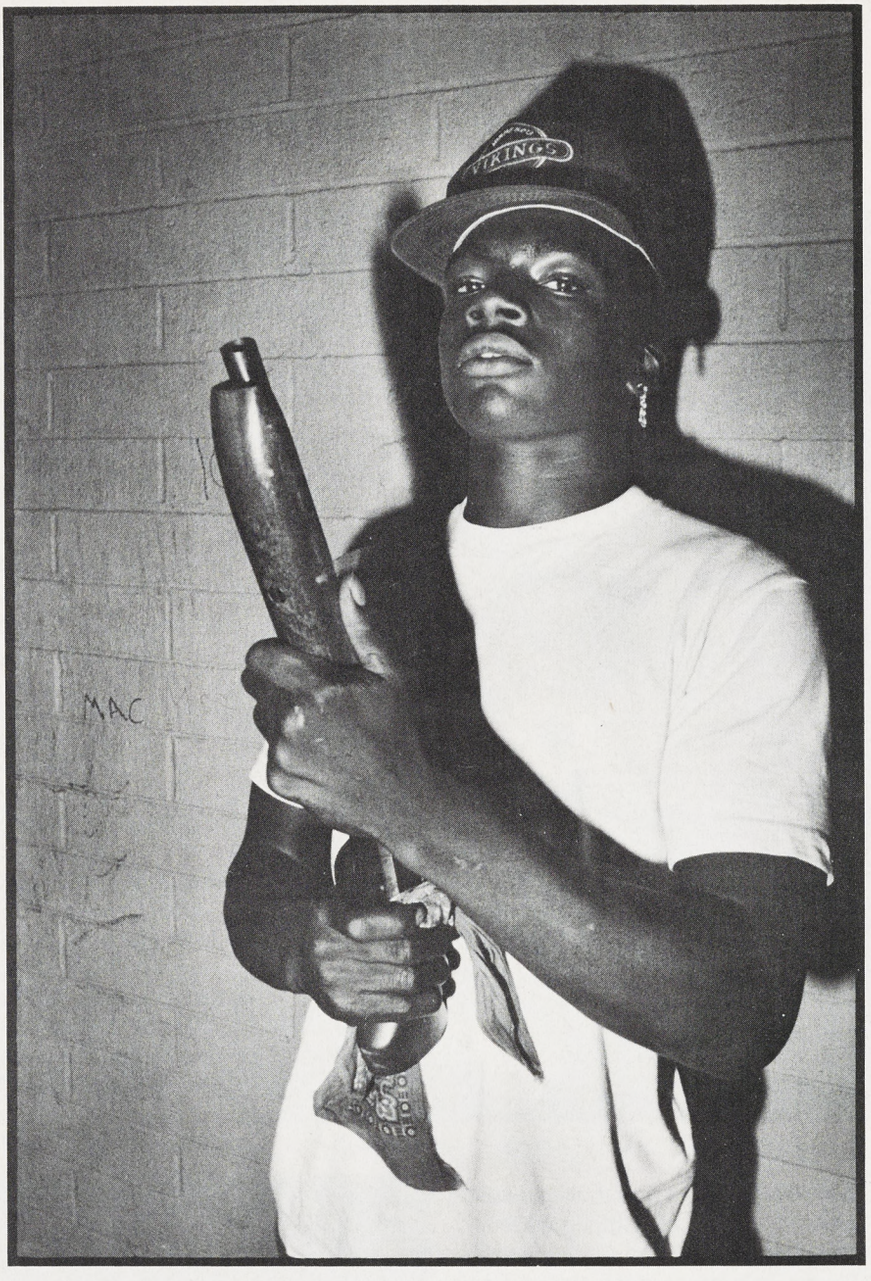
Adding that gangbangers—like most people—are short-sighted in their youth, McBride says, "When you're young, you don't worry about way down the road."

Thus, it becomes a self-perpetuating cycle: A young kid falls into a gang and out of school. He spends his time banging, drinking or just hanging out and never develops his mind. When he does decide it's time to earn some money, he finds he has little to offer—so he has nowhere to go but that old familiar place: the gang. To break this cycle, Norman insists, "You've got to cut out that recruitment...and put some alternatives in position." Speaking of the need for supervised recreational and cultural activities, he adds, "If they're not involved in something organized and positive, there's nothing left but something negative. And that's gonna take place every time."

At the close of this year's gang summits, Bloods and Crips shook each other's hands and claimed they'd rather be flipping burgers than killing each other. Yet much of the public was skeptical. They'd seen the reports of gangs travelling across the country; they'd heard the stories of 14-year-olds driving BMWs into other cities. Why, they thought, would gangs want to work for minimum wage when there was so much money in drugs?

But according to McBride: "The gangs are not running the dope trade as the media would like to assume."

And indeed they have. In the same issue as Will's column, *Newsweek* published a feature titled "The Drug Gangs," relating to an apparent national trend involving minority and ethnic gangs in the wholesale distribution of drugs. The article linked L.A.'s black and Hispanic gangs with gangs in Chicago, Miami,



A Grape Street Watts Crip proudly shows off his shotgun.

Washington, D.C., and New York—and even with the dreaded Jamaican posses, notoriously violent drug traffickers who recruit members from Jamaica's shanty towns and bring them to the United States. It also suggested that Bloods and Crips were concentrating their energies less and less on "mock-feudal tradition" and more and more on disputes involving "urban-guerrilla warfare over drug trafficking." That is, they were syndicating.

This suspicion was echoed by state Attorney General John Van de Kamp last September when he spoke of the "transformation of Los Angeles street gangs into full-fledged crime networks that deal in violence, death and cocaine."

But while conceding that many gang members are street-level dealers and that some of those involved in wholesaling and distributing drugs were gang members at some point, McBride contends that the average street kid lacks the sophistication to operate at the higher levels of drug dealing. He also stresses that of the drug dealing that is gang-related, it's not a group activity.

"Gangs don't deal drugs," he emphasizes. "Individuals in the gangs deal drugs. If the three of us were in a gang [indicating this writer and another dep-

uty], and I am the dope dealer, I may or may not let you have some of my action. The money I make doesn't go to the three of us—it goes for the benefit of me. Now if I need you to deal drugs for me, then I will hire you, give you a percentage maybe. But if I don't like Art...he doesn't get any of my drug action."

According to USC sociologist Dr. Malcolm Klein, gangs have traditionally lacked cohesiveness, structure and strong leadership and have been susceptible to high turnover rates—hardly the traits of "full-fledged crime networks." On the suggestion that gangs are consolidating forces, Klein, who has studied gangs since the late 60s, says: "I'm suspicious....To imagine that street gangs are somehow going to be well enough organized to take over the drug trade—in any place but Chicago, where it has happened—seems to go beyond the usual capacity of the street gang."

Referring to reports citing Blood and Crip ventures in distant cities like Seattle and Kansas City as evidence of organization, Klein says: "It's easy, easy journalism. It's easy, easy rumor spreading. But it does stretch the imagination."

Though the tales of their travels may appear *at a glance* to suggest Blood and Crip "organizations" expanding their "economic interests," what is far more probable is far less entertaining. According to McBride, the usual scenario runs something like this: A gang member, wanted by the law or sought by an enemy, slips out of town—probably to a relative's place somewhere. Once gone, he sees the opportunity to make a little money, so he has his friends back home send him some business. He might even bring them out to work with him. But these ventures are hardly preconceived.

"If you want a couple of Crips sitting out in some park in Compton saying, 'Let's go to Hodunk, Iowa, and set up a drug business,'" says McBride, "that's not what's happening."

By placing so much emphasis on drug sales, many news reports have implied that a rise in gang-related deaths is the result of an increasing drug demand. But in 1980, four years before L.A.'s post-Olympic cocaine explosion, gang violence took 351 lives—36 less than last year's county toll. This was before the days of crack and the AR-15s, AK-47s and Uzis that it could buy. Back in those pre-drug days, a gangbanger didn't have the resources to tote a semiautomatic rifle—so he killed with sawed-off shotguns and Saturday Night Specials instead. Today, though many gang members do wield the more treacherous weapons, most of the violence is still turf-related. And it's Crips vs. Crips just as often as it's Crips vs. Bloods.

"Folks want it to look like drugs are squeezing all the violence, that the drugs are the whole thing," says Norman. "A lot of gang members despise drugs, but at the same time, they're still destructive and violent."

For 12, the choice between gangbangers and drug dealers is easy. "I think about the best one—the safest one that I want to be with—is the drug dealer instead of the gangbanger," he says. "Dope dealers don't mess with you unless you mess with them....They'll tell you in a minute: 'I don't gangbang; I'm all about money.'

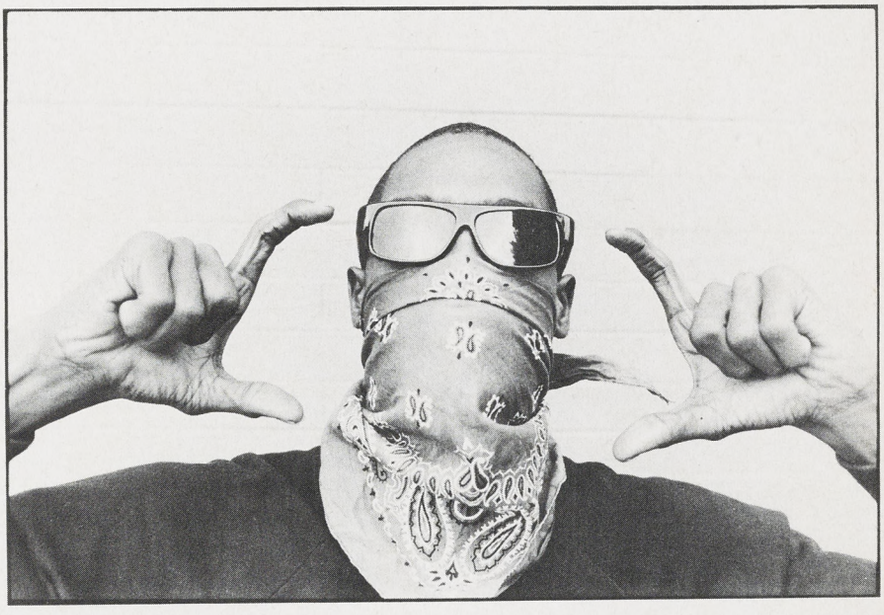
"What the news is saying is that dope dealing is lined up with gangbanging. But that's not true. It's not true. I was out there to witness that. Gangbanging and dope dealing don't even mix."

But gangbanging and death do; residents of South-Central knew that long before "The Drug Gangs" became the media's favorite song.

Thirty years ago, another gang roamed the streets of South-Central. The Slausons were the first generation of black gangs following Los Angeles' post-World War II influx of Southern migrant workers, and though they never reached the infamy of the Bloods and the Crips, to a lesser degree, they, too, bade their rule by violence. But with Bloods and Crips there's one trait that's particularly striking—their flying of the colors red and blue. As UCLA sociologist Dr. Jack Katz notes in his forthcoming book, *Seductions of Crime*, there's a symbolic element to this: By placing currency on the colors one wears, the Bloods and Crips recall the Southern racism that threatened their parents and grandparents. South-Central has become segregated by red and blue much as the Deep South was segregated by black and white, and the same ignorant prejudice that led Southern whites to oppress blacks leads Bloods to kill strangers over blue jackets and Crips to waste innocent kids over red shoelaces.

But just as racism isn't insurmountable, barriers between the Red and Blue can be crossed. The realization that they share the same ragged streets, the same humble roots and the same dismal prospects is a beginning, and it strikes many Bloods and Crips as a revelation. Until this year's summits, few even thought of their adversaries as human. The point is driven home as Norman reflects on those monumental meetings. He takes obvious pride in having helped initiate them and seems equally inspired by their outcome: For the first time, albeit briefly, Bloods and Crips worked to understand each other.

"It took, for them, faith in each other," he says, "listening to each other. And then they were wondering: 'Why am I killing him? He's just another poor folk like me.'" □

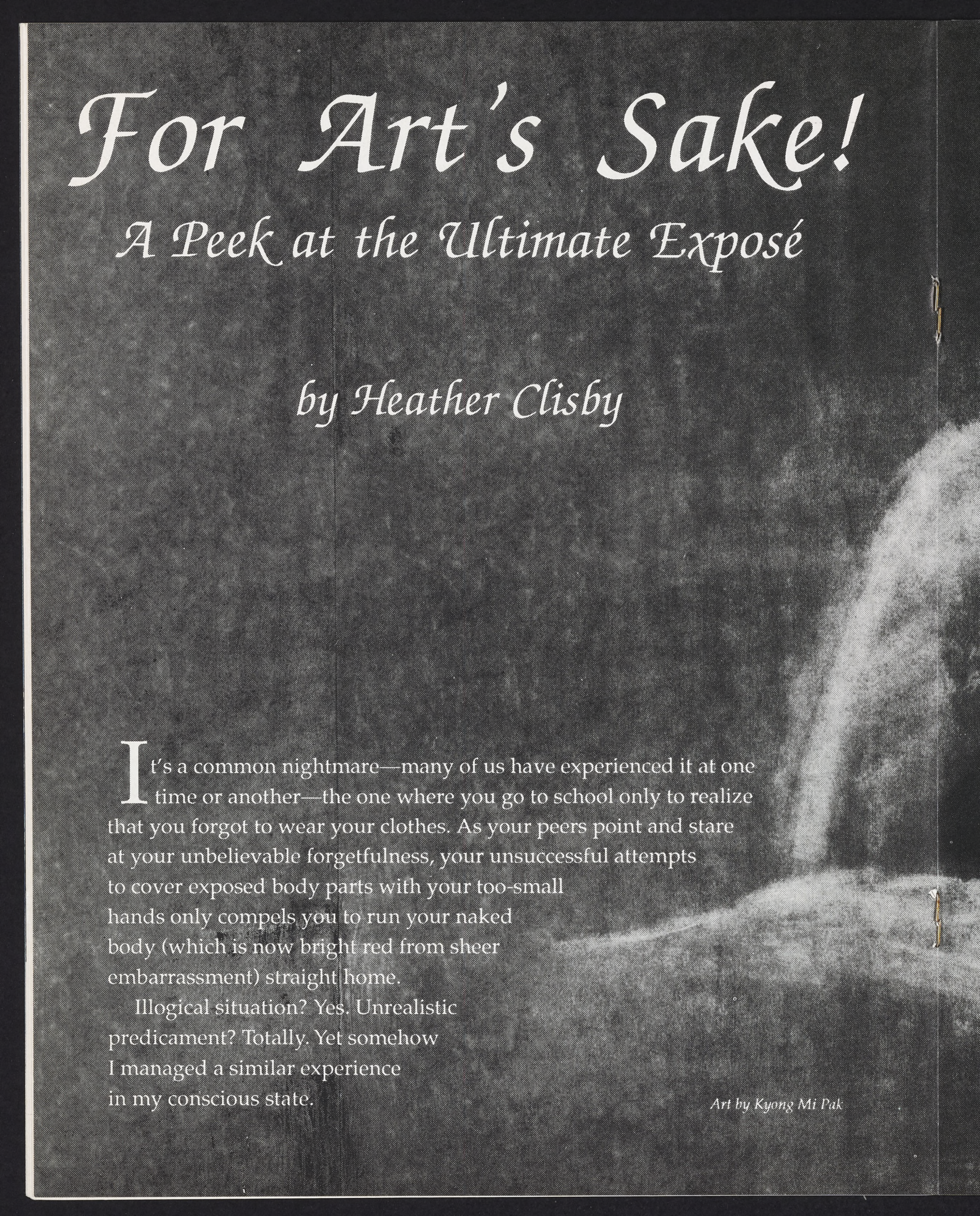


Boonie-Loc, an elder member of Grape Street, throws two 'C' signs.

For Art's Sake!

A Peek at the Ultimate Exposé

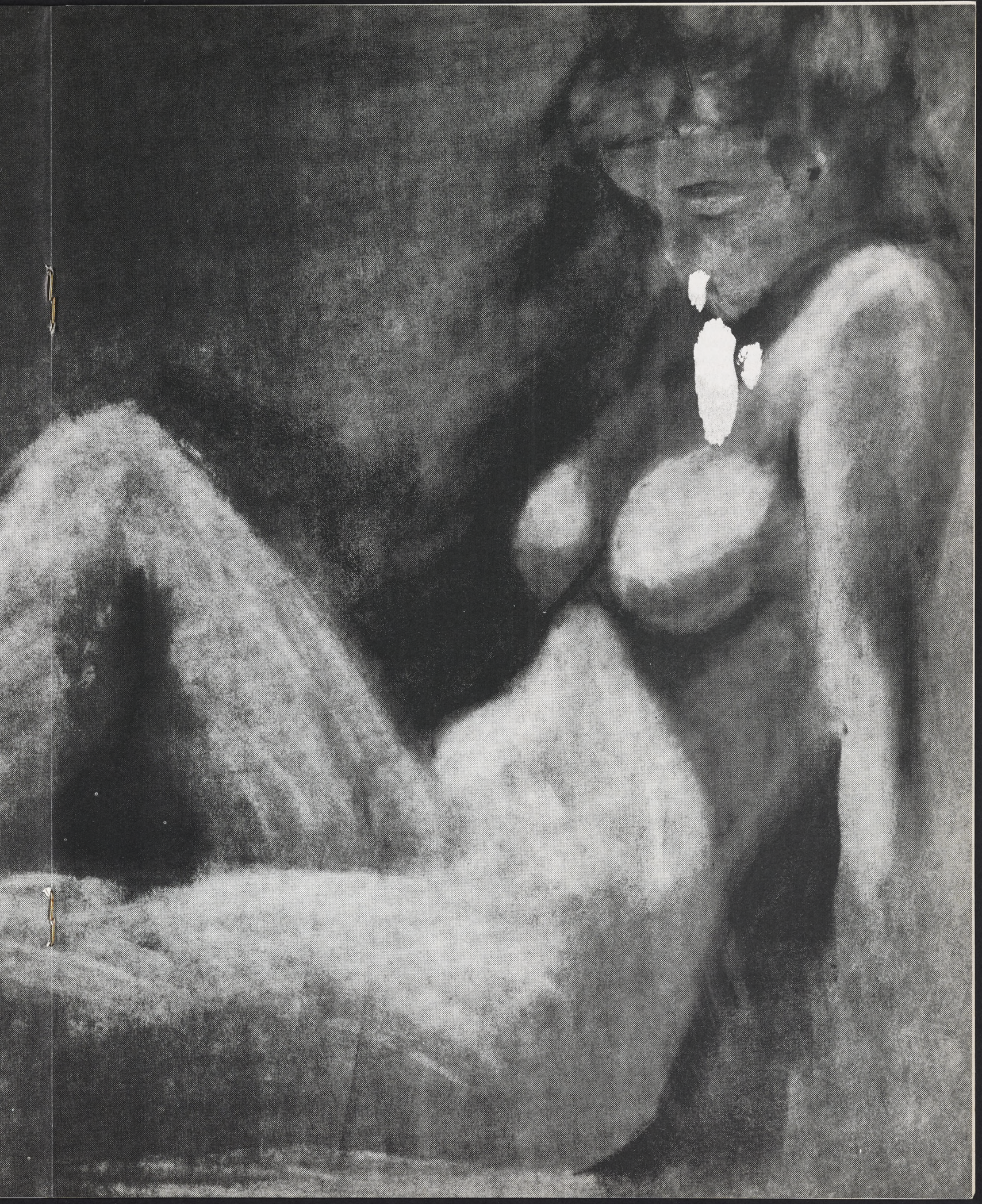
by Heather Clisby



It's a common nightmare—many of us have experienced it at one time or another—the one where you go to school only to realize that you forgot to wear your clothes. As your peers point and stare at your unbelievable forgetfulness, your unsuccessful attempts to cover exposed body parts with your too-small hands only compels you to run your naked body (which is now bright red from sheer embarrassment) straight home.

Illogical situation? Yes. Unrealistic predicament? Totally. Yet somehow I managed a similar experience in my conscious state.

Art by Kyong Mi Pak



My fascination with modeling for the life drawing classes at Cal State Long Beach (CSULB) began with an interesting story told to me about three years ago by a close friend. Lisa Edwards, the ambitious art student that she is, began taking life drawing classes at the local art center while still in high school. The models wore skintight costumes, leotards and Speedos. Lisa expected the same conditions when she enrolled in the life drawing class at CSULB as a naïve young freshman.

Making sure she got a good seat, Lisa began to set up her easel and prepare for the class. An attractive young man entered the room wearing sweats. "Hmmm...he's cute," she silently joked to herself. "I wonder what color his Speedos are." In the ten seconds that followed, a shocked and obviously shaken Lisa got more than she'd bargained for.

"I looked around the room to see if other students were equally surprised that he had stripped completely. They were all busily drawing, apparently not giving it a second thought. 'Wow,' I thought to myself, 'so *this* is college!'"

Lisa's story continued to intrigue me; I had so many questions. Where do they get the models? How long do they have to stand in one position? Do they get paid? If so, how much? Can they talk during the sessions? Can they look at the drawings? Too many questions with not enough answers give me a migraine.

It's true that one can read hundreds of books about skydiving, interview experienced skydivers or stand on the ground to observe and possibly learn a great deal about it, but to experience the jump for oneself is, by far, the only true educator. My curiosity-induced headache had only one cure available. That's right. My Lady Godiva phase was about to begin.

First let me say that the experience of nude modeling does not merely involve posing unclothed for the students, getting dressed and leaving. There is a definite process to preparing for such an experience. Previously unnoticed details of your life are now enlarged, and conversations with yourself become longer and louder.

To begin this process, I contacted Kay Tanamachi, the art resources coordinator, and inquired about becoming a model for the life drawing classes. In a businesslike manner, she conducted a brief interview regarding my experience as a model (none) and my available working hours. Naturally, she asked why I wanted to do this and if I thought I could handle it.

I informed her of the article I would be writing and assured her that I would be able to handle the unusual situation in a mature, professional manner.

"Unusual situation?" she asked, puzzled.

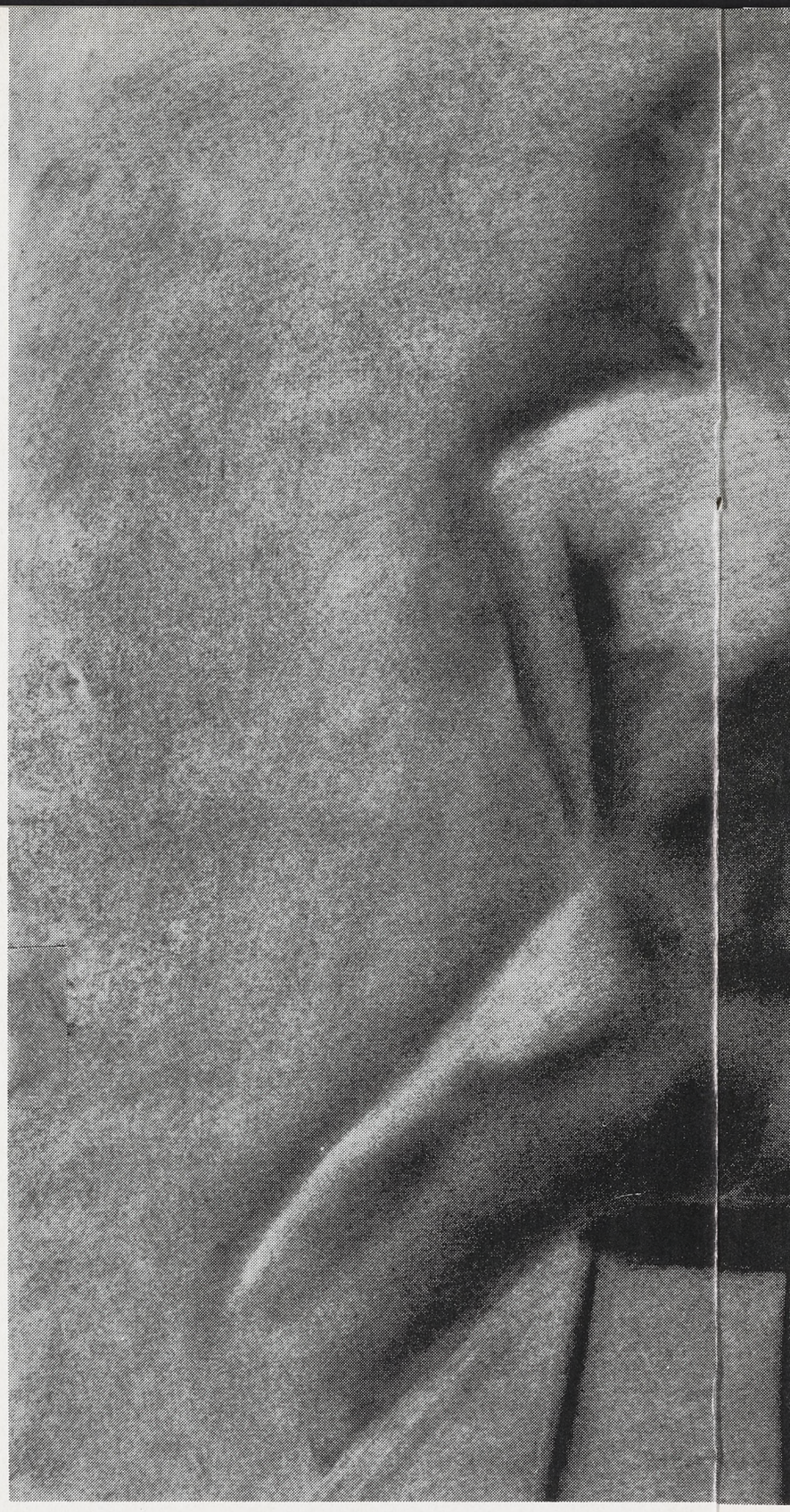
"Well...you know, being naked in front of..."

"NAKED?!" she said almost painfully. "It's *not* naked, it's *nude*."

"Oh, sorry." I apologized, mentally marking Lesson Number One.

Apparently this means that if you're standing on the corner of 7th and Redondo and you're not wearing a stitch, you are just plain buck-naked. But if you're in the same non-attire for art's sake, you are NUDE.

I went on to explain my deep envy for those who can draw since I have a deficit of skills in this area. Again Tanamachi corrected my choice of words. "You are setting up a block for yourself by saying, 'I can't draw.' It takes practice to become good, but never say you cannot." Lesson Number Two is a valuable one. Already I was beginning to understand the soul of a great artist through the sound advice of Ms. Tanamachi.



She would allow me to work with Professor John Lincoln at his evening workshops, and then she would judge my poses for herself. Meanwhile, there were forms to fill out and contracts to sign. One of the forms required a self-description of my 5'6," 135-pound physique. Strong bone definition? Strong muscle definition? What could I say? I have a typical writer's

Art by Brad Gill

body. Answer: Neither.

The next step was a sticky one. It involved informing loved ones of my plans. Normally, events in my life don't need much consultation; however, this particular experiment would someday be in print, and I didn't want these people to be the last to know. Besides, I talk a lot when I'm nervous.

My female friends quickly crowned me a hero. Words like 'gutsy,' 'fearless,' 'determined' and 'confident' were tossed my way. Perfect. This was exactly what I was hoping for. Lesson Number Three: One woman can talk you into something, but ten women can talk you into anything.

Telling the family was easy. I enjoyed the shock value—watching them shake their heads in surrender as they gave heavy sighs and mumbled, "Oh, Heather, what are we going to do with you?"

My mother, however, is the sole exception to this amusing mind game. Since she is the major stockholder in my reserve of respect for others, receiving her approval is favored. In addition to this, it is now impossible to get the desired reaction—this being a direct result of overexposure to my antics. Non-reaction is her favorite, and it drives me up the bloody wall. As of this writing, she remains uninformed.

Telling my mate was a little more complicated. Upon hearing my plans for public exposure, many people immediately wanted to know, "What does Ed say about this?" Many women commented that their mates would never 'let' them do such a thing. I suddenly realized that asking his permission was not my plan at all—telling him would be my sole mission.

I consulted his best friend for an expert opinion on his possible reaction. "Heather, no! You can't," screamed Dave, an art student who had taken life drawing classes as well. Dave was quick in referring to Ed's ethnic background as a possible obstruction to a calm scene. "He's Mexican! You know how they like to keep their women covered!" Bah! I figured Dave had confused Mexican culture with Middle Eastern traditions and refused to consider this as valid reasoning.

Giving myself a deadline date, I decided on a quiet, non-eventful evening to spring the information on my beloved. Of all the techniques available, I settled on the "Oh, by the way..." method.

"How was school today, Ed?"

"Okay. I did pretty well on my English test. What about you?"

"Fine. I have a big research paper I have to start on, plus a test tomorrow. Oh, by the way, I'll be doing a story on nude modeling for the magazine, and I'll be one of the models. I think my car is running a little funny, though; could you check the oil?"

Unfortunately, I am not attracted to stupid men, and this failed method proved it. He naturally wanted to know all the details. I didn't expect him to do back flips over the idea, but I wasn't prepared for the support that he chose to give me. I had his blessing along with his familiar warning for all occasions: "Be good, but not *too* good."

I had to be prepared. The poses had to be original, expressive and comfortable enough to hold for 15 to 30 minutes at a time. One week prior to my exposing stunt, I began to practice.

In my room I stood naked, posed like a water-fountain statue in front of the mirror. My roommate Laurianna entered, asking about the phone bill. She quickly forgot her original question and replaced it with a more obvious one.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Homework," said I.

Finally, the day arrived and I was, inevitably, a ball of nerves. Fifteen minutes to my debut, a nervous childhood trait reappeared: loud, violent hiccups. Just the thought of my nude body jolting to the tune of my verbal staccatos cemented my fears.

Luckily, my uncontrollable annoyance magically disap-

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peared seconds before I began my five-hour shift for the life drawing workshop. As I silently gave myself a pep talk, I felt relieved to see that the class was primarily filled with women. I then experienced an odd twisting sensation in my stomach when I noticed about five athletic-type males walk in just as Professor Lincoln gave me the cue, "You're on, kid."

As I headed for the table in the center of the room, climbed upon it and began to remove my robe, I remember my only goal was to convince the artists that I had done this a million times before. I began with several five- to ten-minute poses, always facing rotating sections of the audience.

Hardest part over, the tension left my body in the form of sweat. As I felt a trickle of perspiration roll down my spine, I wondered if anyone would bother to include such a detail in their drawing.

I was allowed ten-minute breaks every half-hour or so, and the students took time to relax as well. As I drank my coffee, sitting on the very table I stood nude on only moments before, I worried that my robe, too loosely tied, would open up and reveal some cleavage. Ridiculous.

Back to work, I continued with 15-minute poses and did a special, man-at-bat pose for my understanding, baseball-loving beau. Since the artists usually concentrate on capturing aspects of the body and not facial expressions, I seized the opportunity to study *their* faces.

I can still remember the look—so serious, so intent in their concentration, I felt almost removed from the situation. I noticed a few who held up their thumbs to me and squinted one eye shut as if to find the center of my being and draw from there. I felt a flinch of deceit; they thought it was my job to be observed by artists when in actuality, it was the other way around.

During the next break, I made the brave move of taking a look at the artists' renditions of yours truly, *au naturel*. I found it interesting that although the artists all began with the same image, they each interpreted it in their own way. But for all their individualistic styles, I couldn't help but notice a recurring trait in the drawings: I was fat.

Needless to say, I was disturbed by this. I mean, sure, I felt I could lose ten pounds, but what woman doesn't feel this way? Feeling fat is a natural part of being female. Like menstruation and menopause, the redundancy breeds normalcy. But this...this was 20 blunt and totally objective views captured in charcoal for all to see.

When I announced to the class that, thanks to them, my diet of lettuce and water would begin immediately, I was quickly assured that they are supposed to exaggerate the lines and curves. "It makes the drawing or painting work," said one artist. Sure, nice try.

The only aspect of this experience that struck me as truly bizarre came in the evening's last hour. Professor Lincoln suggested I do a one-hour pose to close the session. I would be reclining, so they brought in several pillows for comfort. Lincoln and the students stood around me as we made a group decision on my positioning. ("Move the leg a little up to the right; up with the chin; could you move your shoulders just a bit; is that comfortable?")

Then one of the students suggested we move the table to a diagonal position for a better overall view of "the subject." Several male members of the class then proceeded to lift the table and move it. Can you picture it? ("As I recline nude on a bed of velvet pillows, my male subjects transport me so they

may enjoy a better view of their queen.") I'm telling you that for about five seconds I felt like Cleopatra. If only they would've fed me grapes...

Included in this hour was the introduction of Lesson Number Four. Put yourself in any position—I don't care how comfortable you are—you *will* become uncomfortable in ten minutes if told to remain that way, motionless, for 30 to 40 minutes. Humans are restless creatures by nature. Even when we sleep, we somehow move every 20 minutes. Behaving obediently was more of a challenge than I had imagined.

After the class, I walked in the moonlight across campus to my car. For some reason, I felt incredibly vulnerable, and the slightest sound caused me to quicken my pace. But when I wasn't avoiding death on my little stroll, I was contemplating what I had just done and how it had made me feel.

Besides being obviously relieved at having done it without any embarrassing problems, I also immediately noticed a rise in my self-confidence. Each one of us has a personal relationship with our body. Some love their bodies, some don't care and some can't stand the sight of themselves without clothes. Many of us, however, have come to terms with our physical attributes and have basically accepted the bad with the good.

When I allowed myself to be totally scrutinized, hiding absolutely none of my physical flaws, I somehow cleansed myself of any inadequacies I felt about my body. It's as if I said, "Here I am, like it or not." Had I known that this was going to happen, I would've done it years ago.

I remembered what Claudia, a part-time art model and full-time art student, said to me after class about the modeling experience. "You are involved, but you're not. You are the apple in a bowl of fruit; you are the still life." Claudia stressed the importance of allowing your instincts to guide you. "You must find a style for yourself, pinpoint your major characteristics and accentuate them. You soon come to realize what your body can do for what length of time."

Although Claudia began modeling two years ago, she quit altogether soon after she started to model full-time. "You can get burned out very easily. You should never model for more than twenty hours a week. It starts to feel pretty weird putting your clothes on, then going to work to take them off." Dare I say Claudia possibly suffered from...overexposure?

When Claudia took up running a year ago, she shed 55 pounds and wondered what it would be like to model with a new body. A toned and fit Claudia now emphasizes her strong leg muscles as her new predominant characteristic. "It was a great ego booster to compare my newer drawings with some of my older ones. I can do so much more now and for longer periods of time." Overall, Claudia enjoys the modeling and doesn't deny the fact that "it's a great way to earn some extra money." Which brings me to my next point.

As a model for workshops, I earned $10 an hour. Since I posed for a life painting workshop the following evening (one pose for five hours) I received a $100 check that week. I had joked to my friends that since I was not doing this for money, I would probably frame the check as a souvenir. I have to confess, though, that my life has not reached such a luxurious level, and the extra money allowed me to pay my evil car insurance bill.

The majority of my questions answered, my headache began to dissipate. Still, I wondered, why the human body? Why not a fascination with iguanas or daisies? Professor

Continued on page 35

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Taking a Bite

by Douglas Crowe

Art by Mark Michelon

Stop! Before you take a bite out of that Big Mac, think about the history behind it. From the time your burger was first hacked out of a cow's buttocks, it's had ample opportunities to become infused with chemicals or infected by food poisoning bacteria. Improper food handling, insufficient cooking, inadequate sanitary practices and careless pesticide use are all suspect in cases of contaminated meat. And your Big Mac just may be guilty of harboring one of these offenders.

According to the Food and Drug Administration, as many as 80 million Americans are victims of food poisoning each year. The National Institute for the Foodservice Industry said up to half of all food handlers are responsible for transmitting these illnesses due to improper sanitation procedures. Improperly cooked beef, pork and poultry are among the biggest culprits; they can carry salmonella, bacteria that, when ingested, affect the gastrointestinal tract. The violent, flu-like symptoms usually leave the system in a few days, but salmonella can be fatal to children and the elderly. The bacteria is especially abundant in raw poultry; the U.S. Department of Agriculture said that about 37 percent of chicken carcasses are infected with salmonella.

So you're starting to have second thoughts about biting into that Big Mac, are you? Maybe you'll settle for a harmless, deep-fried fish patty soaked in Secret Sauce? Forget it. Fish can be an even more dangerous source of salmonella than hamburger and chicken because Congress has never passed a law mandating that fish be inspected. Some fish companies do hire federal inspectors, but they are under no legal obligation to do so.

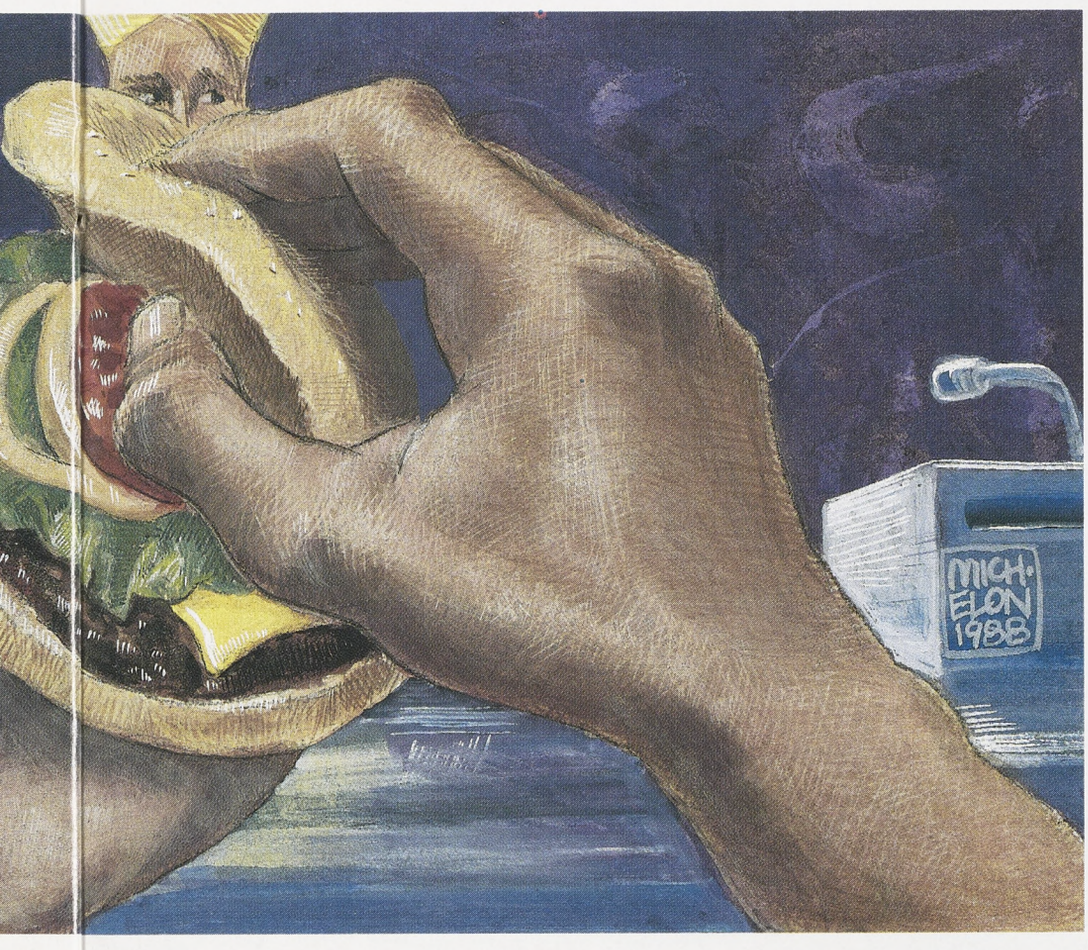
Now you're really worried. Visions of slime oozing from your bacteria-infested burger fill your head. "Ooh! What's that green stuff?" Calm down. It's probably just a pickle. There's hope for your Big Mac yet. Karen Morgan, senior sanitarian at the Long Beach Department of Public Health, said that most salmonella bacteria are killed in the cooking process.

Still, what if your burger isn't completely cooked? Some customers at McDonald's complain about this very problem, said Christie Owen, an assistant manager at the Camarillo franchise. Sometimes, she said, people who are given undercooked hamburgers or Chicken McNuggets realize they could be food-poisoned and say, "I'd rather have my money back because I've lost my appetite!" Most, however, simply ask for a new burger. In either case, said Owen, McDonald's will satisfy the customers' requests.

But aside from the failure to properly cook meat, there are many other human errors in the kitchen that can cause foodborne illnesses. One is the failure to wash all knives and cutting blocks, which, if cleaned, would avoid cross-contaminating other foods. Another no-no is the hatless head: Hair can easily fall into your Big Mac if an employee's hairdo is not contained. Kim Miller, the manager of a Burger King in Garden Grove, pointed out still another fast food *faux pas*. Cashiers, she said, sometimes handle food as well as money. Dirty money and sanitary food don't mix.

So who can protect you and your burger from salmonella and human

Out of Grime



error? Who can prevent your uncontrollable urge to "blow chunks" under the Golden Arches? The Department of Public Health, that's who. To make sure all restaurants are following California sanitation codes, it sends inspectors to check them out twice a year. Morgan said there are six to eight inspectors making surprise visits to restaurants in Long Beach every day. When they see violations, they issue an official inspection report listing the problems to correct; then they make a follow-up inspection about ten days later. The management must remedy cited problems, such as failure to provide hair confinements or unsanitary washing facilities, before the health inspector returns. Restaurants that fail to comply are given a $50 fine on top of their annual health permit fee. If the restaurant still refuses to take care of the problem, the Health Department will take them to court on misdemeanor charges.

Most major fast food restaurants, however, have their own internal sanitation inspectors as well. "Fast food chains have a lot more policy on how to maintain their restaurants than the mom-and-pops places," said Morgan. Kentucky Fried Chicken even has "mystery shoppers" who pose as customers and rate individual outlets on a 65-point checklist. The stores with the highest scores get awards which they proudly display to their customers.

But all this inspecting still doesn't guarantee your hamburger is safe to eat. Young employees in fast food restaurants often dodge sanitary procedures in their rush to meet "fast" food expectations. Michelle Conway, a former employee at a Huntington Beach Carl's Jr., said that more than once she witnessed workers dropping burgers on the floor in their dash from the freezer to the grill. Conway said the burgers were scooped off the floor and tossed on the grill as if nothing had happened. Who is to blame for such carelessness? "The cleanliness of most fast food restaurants depends on the manager," answers Morgan. Miller, however, emphasizes that good sanitation practices begin with the employees. "If they don't care, then they can be very unsanitary," she said. And if the employees are very unsanitary, you could get very sick.

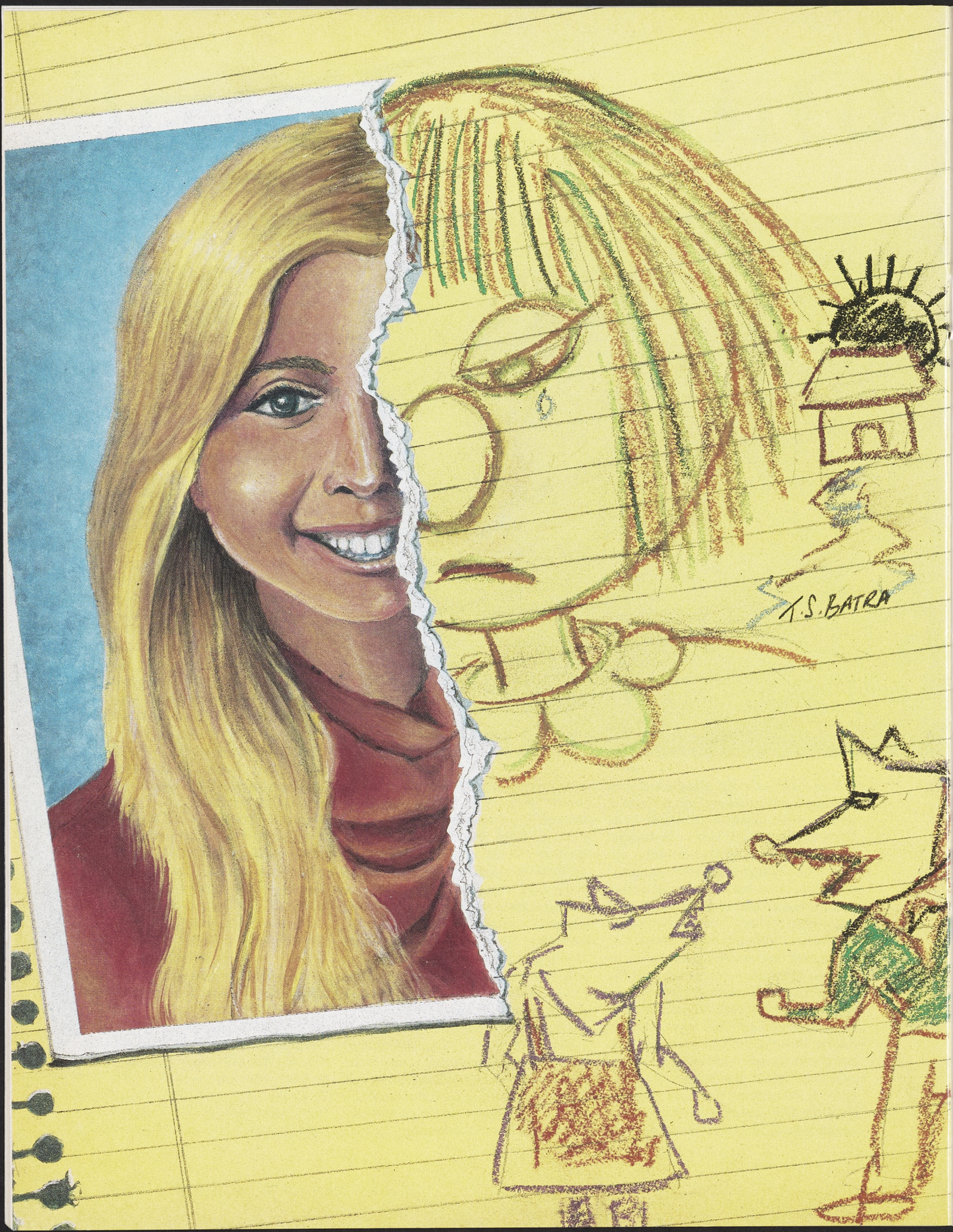
But you doubt this will ever happen to you, and besides, you're getting hungry now and want to scarf down that Big Mac despite all the warnings you've received. Wait just a paragraph longer, and maybe you'll change your mind, for there is one more potential danger in your burger you should know about. That danger comes from the misuse of pesticides.

Pesticides and germicides (the latter meaning chemical sanitizers) can cause food poisoning when enough residual deposits either get into the food or stick to food contact surfaces. Employees at McDonald's, for instance, must put plastic bags over all food contact areas every three weeks in preparation for the exterminator's arrival. Any surfaces left uncovered can harbor poisonous residue. According to a 1987 National Academy of Sciences report, pesticide residues constitute nearly 80 percent of dietary cancer risk. These residues can become even more harmful if the pesticide has not been approved for restaurant use. Morgan said the Department of Public Health issued official inspection reports to some restaurants that were using the wrong pesticide. "You can't just go to the store and buy Raid and spray it," she said. "It has to be labeled with 'for use in commercial food prep areas.'"

Okay. Now that you've been warned, you may eat your Big Mac.

That's right...go ahead. Take a nice, big, unsanitary bite.

And pray. □


T.S. BATRA

After the Bough Breaks

Orange County's youth shelters are way stations where makeshift homes serve as splints for the fractured families of abused and neglected runaways. But inadequate funding, overcrowding and lack of government backing thwart these much-needed havens, and even in the wealthiest of Southland counties, money still can't buy love.

by Rita Mercs

"I just want to end my life," says Gina, a 17-year-old whose cold calmness belies the violence of her words. "I want to run away from my problems because it hurts so much." Gina (all the youths' names have been changed to protect their identities) is one of six runaways living at Casa Youth Shelter in Los Alamitos.

Born addicted to heroin and alcohol, Gina endured physical abuse from her prostitute mother and sexual abuse from her father and her mother's customers. She first tried to escape this wretched home life on her seventh birthday by attempting suicide. "I took LSD, PCP and heroin," she recalls. She was hospitalized for three months, then returned to her Santa Ana home. At age 13, Gina finally made her escape—she fled with her younger brother to Newport Beach, selling drugs to support them. After a month, the police found them and took them to the county shelter for abused and neglected children.

Each year, one million children run away in the United States. Between 20 and 40 percent of them flee California homes. The problem isn't confined to uneducated, poverty-stricken, inner-city families, as a close look at the situation in Orange County shows.

If money could buy happiness, Orange County's 2.2 million residents would live in a blissful state—the average home costs $232,000, while the median household income is $42,000. Even though only 25 percent of the residents have school-age children, and over 50 percent of these parents have college degrees, family problems exist. The numbers of reported runaways range from 72 a year in Newport Beach to 200 in Huntington Beach to 300 in Costa Mesa.

"Running away is an impulsive reaction to a stressful situation," says Dr. Karen Cervenka, director of the Community Service Program (CSP) in Laguna Beach, whose shelter serves the Orange County community from Costa Mesa to San Clemente. This affluent community has a higher incidence of physical, sexual and/or substance abuse than the national average: Fifty percent of the children at CSP have been subjected to some form of abuse, while this has happened to but 36 percent of the nation's runaways.

Before 1977, runaway youths, once located, were jailed with criminals. Their classification has since changed to status offender—the perpetrator of offenses that would not be crimes if committed by an adult—and runaways are now either escorted home or taken to a shelter.

Orangewood, the county facility, provides shelter, medical care, schooling and clothing for approximately 3,000 abused and neglected youngsters annually. They stay until placement can be arranged—an average of 24 days. "If a child can't go home, we look first to a relative, then to a foster home," says director Bob Theemling. Because there is a waiting list for the 650 foster homes in Orange County, overcrowding prevails at Orangewood. As of November, there were 189 children living at the facility, which is staffed for 166. Mattresses were placed on the floors to accommodate them. Similar problems face Orange County's three public youth shelters, where many runaways, aged 11 to 17 years, are temporarily placed.

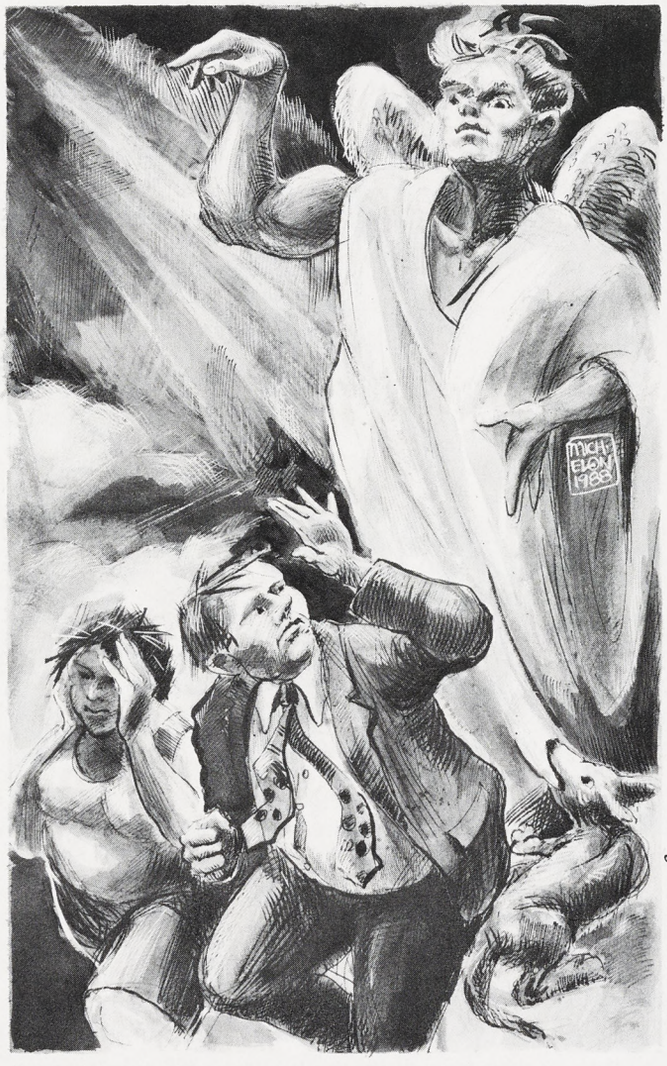
The shelters—CSP in Laguna, Amparo in Garden Grove and Casa in

Continued on page 36

Art by Tejpal Batra

How To Find The Afterlife Without Really Trying

Fiction by Dren McDonald



Art by Mark Michelon

Part One

Ananalala was a dark girl who had inherited several of her father's traits. Those traits included facial hair and a tendency to be overweight.

Wallbanger was Ananalala's friend. Wallbanger was his real name. His parents named him after the drink they were sharing at the time he was conceived. Wally (as his friends would call him) shared some of Ananalala's traits: facial hair and, of course, the tendency to be overweight.

Ananalala and Wally shared a house together with a dog named Robo. The two of them were not "living together," but simply "sharing a house." It seemed better that way.

Part Two

Ananalala and Wally were particularly special because they were actually dead. They had been involved in a peculiar chemical plumbing accident with Robo, and they all went to heaven together. But God refused their applications into heaven, not because of their qualifications—they were perfectly suited for the Afterlife on paper—but because of their eight-by-ten body-shot glossies. These didn't go over too well with God. Before they even showed up at the pearly gates, they were intercepted by an angel named Jake. Jake handed them back their Afterlife packages, flapped his muscular wings and laughed.

"What's so funny, pal?"

"Well, if you really want to know, I'll tell you, pal. God is tired of overweight people flying around in heaven. He says they're always breaking their wings and scaring all of the small children, and he wants a new image for his kingdom. Once you guys shape up a little, try some new hairstyles, find an exciting look that works for you and get some new pictures, maybe he'll consider your applications for the Afterlife Program again."

Before any of them could speak, Ananalala, Wally and Robo started to descend towards their hospital beds.

Part Three

A doctor walked in as the three of them were opening their eyes.

"Hey, I heard the bad news, and I'm really sorry you didn't make it into the Afterlife Program. Both of my parents are in the program, and they can't say enough great things about it. Well, I just wanted to wish you all good luck in your future attempts...So long."

Ananalala, Wally and Robo all got up and left the hospital. They found it difficult to sleep that night and drank warm milk.

Part Four

This brings me back to where I had started. After a brief intermission, I will resume the story with Part Five.

A Brief Intermission

Part Five

While Ananalala and Wally were "sharing a house" to-

gether with Robo the dog, they were scheming a plan that would get them into the Afterlife Program without changing the way they looked.

"Why don't we just cut out the heads on our photos and put them on somebody else's body? We can do that, and we'll send them to the Afterlife Program," suggested Ananalala.

"But we need new haircuts, too," said Wally.

"Oh yeah."

"We could say that the photographer used the wrong type of lens to take our pictures with and made us look ugly and out of proportion."

"Yeah, but Robo looked fine in the pictures."

"Oh yeah."

By this time, Robo was really upset. There was nothing wrong with him. He was just stuck with two ugly, disproportionate owners. Just because they raised him and died at the same time as he did, he shouldn't have to wait to get into the Afterlife Program because of their physical inconsistencies. Robo was fuming and had no way to vent his anger, so he ran in circles around the house for hours in a delirious frenzy until he couldn't stand up any longer.

Part Six

Months had passed since I told you about Part Five. Anyway, they were pretty mad at God. Every night, Robo ran around the house in circles, and Ananalala and Wally wrote down ideas on how they could get into the Afterlife Program. The two of them stopped offering their ideas verbally and decided to write them down. Each one of them was writing nearly fifty pages a day. Between them, that was around one hundred pages a day. They had stacks and stacks of paper filled with ideas. One day, after months of writing, Wally looked up and said something to Ananalala.

"Hey, you know what? We don't need to get into Afterlife. We're perfectly happy and content just writing about how to get in. We could take what we've written and turn it into a series of books. Everyone is trying to get into Afterlife and wants to meet God and all that. All we have to do is tell them there is a sure-fire way to get in, and that we have discovered it. Each one could sell millions. What do you think?"

"Well, I have kind of lost my interest to get in up there, and I guess money was all that made me happy anyway."

"Of course it was. We can get a bigger house, one that Robo can run around in. We can buy fast cars, a jacuzzi and a pool. We can travel all around the world, and besides that, we'll be famous. We'll even get some American Express cards."

"That sounds fun. I'd like to do that. I didn't want to meet God anyway."

Part Seven

This brings me to the end of the story. Ananalala and Wally have completed a series of best-selling "How To Get Into The Afterlife..." books, which has generated millions of dollars for them. Each book is different, such as "How To Get Into The Afterlife If You Are Psychologically Damaged," "How To Get Into The Afterlife If You've Been Involved In A Toxic Waste Accident," "How To Get Into The Afterlife If You Are An Atheist" and, of course, their first best seller, "How To Get Into The Afterlife If You Are Ugly And Disproportionate."

They all live in a big house now, with fast cars, a jacuzzi, a pool and a lot of American Express cards. They're all very happy—even Robo, who has stopped running around in his nightly circles of frenzy, and now rests quietly in his kingsize, air-conditioned doghouse/lounge/TV room with cable. □

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SIDELIGHTS

Continued from page 11

scorpion kind in the United States are of the genus *Centruroides*.

A *Centruroides* sting might cause difficulty breathing, a rapid heart beat, muscle twitching and spasms and a rise in blood pressure. These symptoms require medical attention and, if severe, should prompt a call to paramedics. According to Harvey Fischer, reptile curator at the Los Angeles County Zoo (and resident creepy crawler answer-man), *Centruroides* scorpions in this state tend to be smaller and less dangerous than those found in Arizona, where they have a real reputation.

Spiders are relatives of scorpions, and all are venomous, says Fischer. Most spiders don't leave *Homo sapiens* lying in the dust because they can't penetrate skin and inject enough venom to do the job. One "slam dancer" that can do it all, though, is the black widow spider. Adults are jet black and have a red, orange or yellow hourglass-shaped mark on their bodies' undersides. As with humans, the women are the dangerous ones.

Black widows spin their webs in undisturbed areas like wood piles and garage corners, but Fischer points out

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that the creatures also frequent outhouses, where they tend to bite people on whatever parts present themselves. Nancy Arneson, an information specialist at the UC Irvine Regional Poison Center, confirms this. She received a call about a man who "danced" in an outhouse and paid the price with the family jewels. The experience landed him in the hospital.

A black widow doesn't necessarily inject venom with each bite. When it does, weakness, pain, muscle spasms and difficulty breathing can follow in 30 minutes to two hours. No surefire first aid for these bites exists, but the symptoms are relieved by drugs like black widow antivenin, available in your local emergency room.

California is also home to Southern Pacific, red diamond, Great Basin, Northern Pacific, sidewinder and Mojave green rattlesnakes.

When asked what circumstances lead to snakes biting humans, Fischer answers, "Stupidity. Showing off. Not knowing how to handle them." He estimates that 50 bites occur in California annually, with a death every other year. Nationally, there are between ten and twelve deaths a year.

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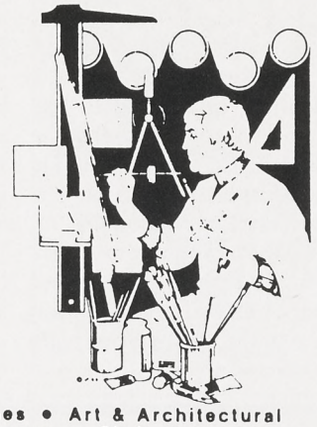

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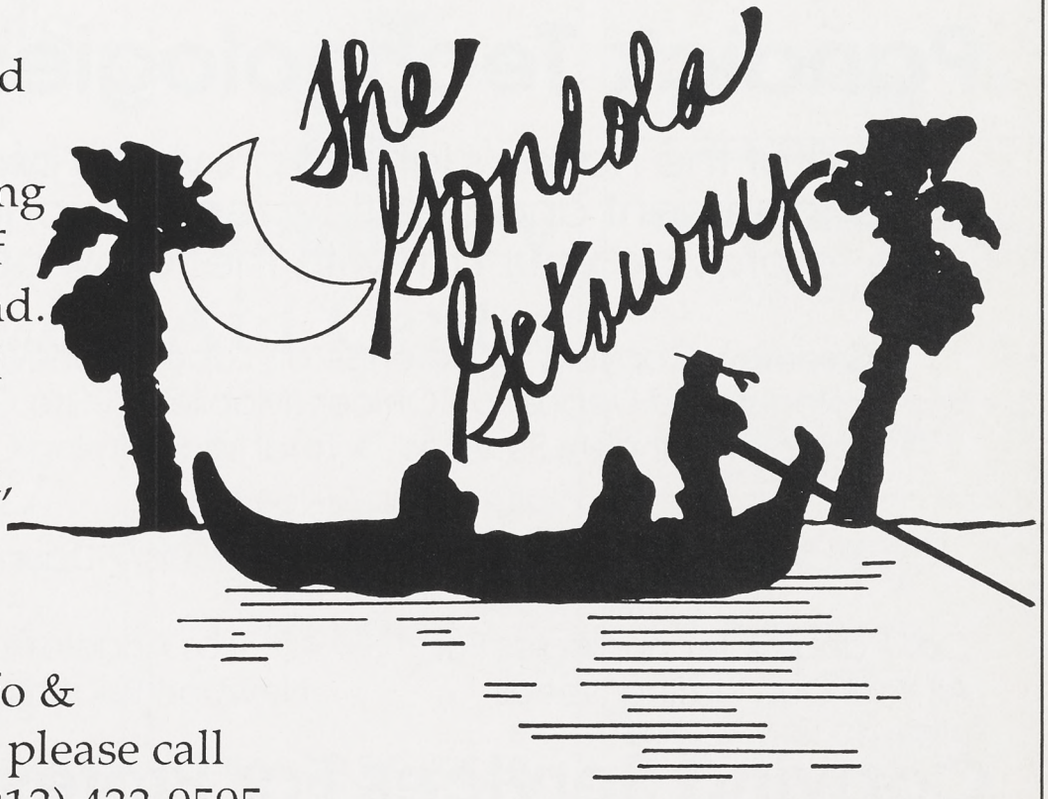

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A rattlesnake bite's immediate effects are pain and swelling. The fact that rattlesnakes use their venom to partially digest their prey accounts for these symptoms. The only real first aid is immobilizing the affected body part and giving the victim a quick ride to the emergency room for rattlesnake antivenin. You can use a snake bite kit and do the cut-and-suck routine, but it's an act of desperation analogous to spilling a glass of ammonia into a fish tank, then trying to siphon it out so the fish won't die. If it's all you have going for you, you may wind up doing your high kick with one leg and a peg.

Among rattlesnakes, the Mojave green is an oddball. It has diamonds or hexagons along the center of its back and a general greenish-grey to brown color. Its venom primarily attacks the nervous system, rather than causing pain and swelling. Since the symptoms aren't immediately visible, and since doctors tend not to treat people who don't look sick, a victim may be sent home without antivenin treatment and die a few hours later from respiratory arrest.

Because toxic effects differ from one snake to another, it's important to identify the type of snake involved in a biting incident. If you can safely do so, kill the snake and bring it to the hospital for identification. One thing to keep in mind is that even with its head cut off, a rattler retains his bite reflex for about an hour.

There are other venomous creatures out there that you might, if but rarely, encounter. The brown recluse, or "violin spider," can be found in a ten-square-mile area of the town of Sierra Madre, according to Fischer. It can cause deep wounds and tissue destruction with its bite. Professor Robert Clover of Cal State Long Beach (CSULB) reports that a few gila monsters might be found down by the Salton Sea. Their venom is similar to that of rattlesnakes.

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As a final word of caution, before you go stepping out with your critters, keep in mind that a bite or sting can cause a severe allergic reaction in sensitive people. In the form of anaphylactic shock, this reaction can kill in a matter of minutes. If a bite victim develops a skin rash, difficulty breathing, weakness or perspiration, it's time to call 911 for the paramedics and perform CPR as needed.

It takes two to tango, so shake out your shoes and sleeping bags before use, check to be sure the outhouse is really unoccupied and count the number of legs a would-be partner has when he or she invites you to dance. □

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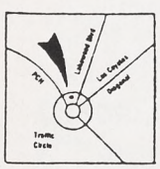

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PEACE MARCH

Continued from page 10

for the second march. But, though Americans did not turn out in nearly the same numbers or with anything like the fervor of the Soviet citizens they met the summer before, Americans did take many Soviets into their homes. The warmest reception, Lieb recalled, was in Iowa. Though people had little water and were worried about the drought, they were generous. "Some of the best food we got was at those potlucks in Iowa," said Lieb.

This Soviet/American Peace March, actually referred to as a peace tour because walkers were flown from one region of the country to another, arrived at LAX on Saturday, July 9, and was the one we walked with the following Monday.

As we walked through the city, it was exhilarating to see all the people who came out of shops and offices to watch us pass. Many waved, smiled, applauded, tooted horns and raised their hands in peace signs that reminded me of the 60s. I was especially touched when, walking by a beautiful, old Methodist church, I heard steeple bells chime to greet us. One grocer came out of his store pushing a cartful of fruit, which he gave away to the marchers.

By late afternoon, we reached Leadbetter Beach, where an outdoor stage provided a platform for entertainment, and tables were piled high with food for a potluck dinner. At Sue Griffiths' suggestion, Aimee wrote a thank you note to Dmitri, signing it "Peace and Love, Aimee." After some searching, we found him, and when she gave him the note, he smiled again and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

I could not have asked for a better lesson in the friendship possible among the peoples of our country and the Soviet Union than Wendy and Aimee received that day from seeing first-hand so many Soviets and Americans who are dedicated to peace between our nations. Twenty years ago, we marched for an end to the war in Vietnam, and many of us for an end to all wars. But now the stakes are even higher, with 20 additional years of nuclear stockpiling through what many refer to as the "death industry." We didn't know then about nuclear winter, about the total destruction, not only of humanity but of all life, possible in a nuclear war. Peace marchers today focus more on demonstrating for an end to the threat of world-wide annihilation and for the exploration of new ways to resolve conflicts between nations.

Coming home to Long Beach that evening, we sang peace songs from the 60s I had taught them and talked about the day. Wendy remarked, speaking of the Soviets, "They're just like us. They just live in a different place on the earth." Aimee thought it was fun, and both said they wanted to go on more peace marches.

Wendy and Aimee said, before we went on the march, that they worried about nuclear war. About a year ago, Wendy told me she wasn't sure she would get a chance to do anything when she grew up because "there might be a nuclear war, and we might all die." Aimee said she had bad dreams about people "throwing nuclear bombs." But afterwards, when I asked Aimee about nuclear war, she sounded more hopeful. "We should vote if we should throw a bomb or not," she said. "I'm sure everyone'll vote no, 'cause it's really stupid. No one wins. Everyone loses." Hopefully the marches they go on will continue to help change the world. Perhaps Wendy and Aimee's generation will be the one to bring about a permanent "post-war" age. □

EXPOSÉ

Continued from page 23

Lincoln simply explains, "The human form is the most complicated, everyday thing there is. It's constantly changing."

Lisa, now an expert, agrees. "From drawing the body, you learn structure, value and form. It becomes merely an object, not a person."

Kenneth Clark, author of *The Nude: A Study in Ideal Form*, also offers an answer to this question. "It is an art form invented by the Greeks in the fifth century, just as opera is an art form invented in seventeenth-century Italy....the nude is not the subject of art, but a form of art."

It has been pointed out that using nude models for art students was done during the 1600s and 1700s, a very conservative period in history. The original setting—model in the center, students in a circle and teacher supervising—remains unchanged. I find it refreshing to know that with all the technological advancements we've made, watching computers replace humans, there is no possible substitute for the most complex machine ever built: the human body.

Unfortunately, the idea of an unclothed person is not always greeted in such a manner. Clark quickly refers to this in his opening paragraph: "The English language, with its elaborate generosity, distinguishes between the naked and the nude. To be naked is to be deprived of our clothes, and the word implies some of the embarrassment most of us feel in that condition. Nude, on the other hand, carries, in educated usage, no uncomfortable overtone. The vague image it projects into the mind is not of a huddled and defenseless body, but of a balanced, prosperous and confident body."

When artists learned I was doing an article on nude modeling, the reaction was always, "Why? What's the big deal? What's to write about?"

In their world, the human body is a highly respected symbol and treated as such. The presence of professionalism is strong in these classes, and the level of maturity regarding the situation is such that examples of students unable to deal with it in any other way are extremely rare.

Consequently, those who associate shame and disgust with nudity react differently. With the exception of artists, the facial expression was always the same when I told someone of my "new job:" eyes wide open and a dropped jaw. It cannot be ignored that sexual connotations were immediately drawn. All I can say from this point is that if Nudity for Art were a country, Nudity for Sex would be on the other side of the globe. Lesson Number Five: Sexual desires, or the displaying of any actions based on this, simply do not belong.

Just as I had hoped, my experience gave me great insight into the world of art and the minds of artists. I came away with a great respect for both and an increased sense of awe for such beautiful creations that come alive out of a few strokes on paper.

As for modeling, I'll probably give it another shot in case my inhibitions come back, not to mention my car insurance bill. I feel as if I've learned a new mode of acceptance that only an exclusive number of people will ever know. After all, what are we really hiding from? Certainly I don't feel we should abandon all clothing and civilization and head for the hills to live off nuts and berries, but if I ever do run into a nudist in the future, I certainly won't blame them for being the way they are. After all, they were born that way. □

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RUNAWAYS

Continued from page 27

Los Alamitos—are three- or four-bedroom houses located in residential areas. Their home-like atmospheres differ from Orangewood's institutional setting. During a child's seven- to fourteen-day stay, advisors strive for family reunification by counseling each child individually, in a group setting and united with parents. Depending on the severity of the family problem, the child will either return home, live with a family member or friend, enter a foster home or, if room permits, continue living at the shelter. If the shelter cannot accommodate the child, he or she may be sent to live at Orangewood or a group home, a private facility which houses juveniles for 18 months to two years.

Although 80 percent of the children will return to their families or will live with a relative or friend, 46 percent will run away again. Because of the rapid turnover rate needed to provide shelter for other troubled youths, family problems can only be partially resolved.

"We cannot solve all the problems of dysfunctional families," says Don Griffin, associate director of the National Network of Runaways and Youth Services, Inc., in Washington, D.C.. "All we can do is provide programs and shelter for the runaways." Griffin says the current federal allocation of $26.1 million is inadequate for anything more involved.

"Politicians will not address the problems of youth," says Cal State Long Beach (CSULB) sociologist Dr. Barry Dank. "Bush talks about family values but will not say the state should intervene....Interference with the family is opposed by fundamentalist churches." But churches aren't the only opposition to these programs. Additional programs cost money—the taxpayer's money. "The general populace does not want taxes raised," says Dank.

Orangewood's director Theemling feels education is crucial to solving the runaway crisis. "I think it would be a good idea if parenting was given the same priority and emphasis in education as reading, writing and arithmetic, because most adults end up as parents or act in a parental role," he says. "We're never taught to be parents. We never get any education."

Apparently many judges, probation officers, social workers and psychologists share Theemling's views. Parenting classes are now offered in Southern California. Parents learn the importance of communication, discipline and love. However, some parents will not seek help, and their children may end up roaming the streets.

Lisa, a 16-year-old, ran away for the first time at age ten and continued to run away until her mother finally told her to leave at 15. "My mom and I don't get along," she says. "We can't talk. Her philosophy is, 'If I don't ask you a question, don't say anything,' and if I say something to her, she gets upset. She starts picking up crystal and throwing it...trying to hit me." Lisa blames her father for the hatred her mother shows Lisa and her older sister. "My father cheated on her," she explains. "She hates his guts, so her hatred comes out on us."

Lisa loathes being a ward of the state. "A social worker and a lawyer decide who you can talk to, what you can do and where you live. They decide everything for you. You don't get a say in anything," she says angrily. But Lisa is trying hard to change her situation. Having passed the high school equivalency test (GED), she is working nine hours a day in an accounting office and is appealing for emancipation. She must prove to the court that she can support herself and won't become a burden to society. But most runaways don't show this degree of responsibility. Instead, they return to street life.

"I often wonder how they survive," says Myldred Jones, Casa's director and founder. She tells of a boy who used a dumpster for a bed: "He had been sleeping there for three nights. He got out during the day, walked around, begged for food and then came back at night to sleep because he thought it was perfectly safe. It's just not safe on the streets."

Even in a group, a child is in danger. Don ran away three times. One evening in Huntington Beach, he and his friends were accosted by a transient. "A bum got hold of one of us," says Don. "It took three of us to get him off. We ran like hell!"

But others aren't as lucky. Gina's best friend Cecilia considered street life an adventure. One night she decided to escape from Orangewood and obtain the freedom she thought she would have on the streets. The following day, the police discovered her body in a ditch. She'd been raped and murdered.

"Take it from me. I know the streets," says Gina. "You've got to watch your back twenty-four hours a day." □

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